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THE ACTION of Secretary Kellogg in refusing to accept the invitation of the League of Nations to the World Court conference, called for September next, is bound to give offense. It is the direct result of the false assumption by the Court advocates that the tribunal was not connected with the League and that in joining it we had nothing to do with that organization. Somebody in Geneva blundered badly in calling the conference, being actuated thereto, doubtless, by the belief that it would save time and trouble if all the forty-eight nations decided at once and in one another's presence whether the United States should be allowed to join on its own terms. If the sponsors for this time-saving arrangement had realized the situation here, they would not have taken this step. So Mr. Kellogg raps the League over the knuckles; the United States will correspond directly with forty-eight different states and nobody shall prevent it. This country, he says, cannot enter the Court except by this wholesale correspondence course. So correspond we must and the Geneva conference may go hang. Well, it would serve us right if the Geneva conference threw us out altogether. The only difficulty is that that would probably tickle President Coolidge and many Senators to death. They did not really want to go in, and some of them have been hoping that Bolivia or Peru or Brazil or somebody else would find our reservations impossible and impassable.

POLITICAL INTEREST NOW CENTERS upon Pennsylvania and the three-cornered senatorial fight among Vare, Pepper, and Pinchot. Vare is a typical machine politician. Pepper is a dreadfully holy and unctuous person who, when the test comes, does what the Mellon machine wishes; he changed his position so often on the World Court that his mind was likened to a ferryboat, discharging a new cargo of thought on its every trip. Governor Pinchot has not added to his great reputation as the chief founder of our conservation policy while in Harrisburg, and his coming out at the last moment as a thick-and-thin supporter of Coolidge has caused cynical laughter throughout the State, where they do not forget that his stock in trade has been his bi-weekly attacks upon Secretary Mellon. This turn-about is what one would have expected only of a very petty politician, yet the fact remains that the Governor's nomination would probably be the best outcome of the campaign since it would mean a blow at the Mellon machine while also sidetracking Mr. Vare's. The domination by the Mellon wealth of the politics of western Pennsylvania is one of the most sinister portents of a situation in which the American people are, by their own act, bound and delivered to the big business of the country. More than that, both the Vare machine and the Mellon-Pepper one are stopping at little. Their methods are shocking even in so corrupt and boss-ridden a State as Pennsylvania, and huge sums will be spent before the sun sets on primary day.

SENATOR McKINLEY'S sharp and overwhelming defeat in the Illinois primary constitutes President Coolidge's first severe check at the polls. We are aware, of course, of the varying interpretations put upon it, the confused political currents, and the desperate struggle between opposing factions in that State for control of the political machine. But the fact remains that Senator McKinley's favorable vote on the World Court was shoved to the front and the voters were aware that Mr. McKinley was the President's candidate. The Senate loses nothing by the Senator's defeat; whether it will gain anything by the presence of another machine politician in the person of Frank Smith is dubious. Indeed, the coming election in Illinois now offers the electorate of that State a clear-cut opportunity to express itself on the wet-and-dry issue, George Brennan, the Democratic boss, having been nominated as a straight-out wet. Certainly if Illinois is any index, and Messrs. Borah and Reed continue their fight against the World Court with the same effectiveness that they displayed in Illinois, the Republican loss of the control of the Senate is in sight. What this will accomplish remains to be seen; Democratic leadership being non-existent, and their chief Senators having been willing tails to the Coolidge kite, we do not see why the President should lose any sleep over the prospect of having to win a few Democratic votes for any measures he wishes to have passed. He may also forget the growling of the Republican leaders who are privately denouncing him for demanding Mr. McKinley's vote for the World Court and then leaving him to sink or swim by himself.

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AS FOR INDIANA, there the situation is altogether confused. Both senatorships are to be filled and both the present Republican incumbents, Messrs. Watson and Robinson, are rejoicing that at the last moment they switched their votes on the World Court and are recorded in opposition thereto. "Jim" Watson, a typical machine product, is opposed by Clavis Adams of Indianapolis, formerly the prosecuting attorney, a clean and honorable man who has been having great fun with Mr. Watson's record —which may be summed up by saying that it contains complete proof of a most servile party adherence and of his having actually answered yes or no on various roll-calls; little else appears. An agricultural newspaper of Indiana having reported that on an occasion when Mr. Watson was asked for relief for the farmers he replied: "Oh, give them a bag of peanuts," Mr. Adams is ringing the changes on this. Mr. Watson has denied saying it, but judging by his record it is precisely what he might have said. In Washington Mr. Watson has long been a joke, whereas Senator Robinson has made a more favorable record than we had been led to expect. He is opposed by two men, one of the Watson type. Needless to say, Mr. Watson has the best press and he and his supporters scoff at the idea that Mr. Adams can win; fortunately Davids have slain Goliaths before this. On the Democratic side the candidate against Senator Robinson is Evans Woollen, a broad-minded, public-spirited bank president, who is one of the few survivors of the generation of fine men who began their political activities in the days of Grover Cleveland.

FOOLING THE FARMER, which is an all-the-year sport of the White House and Capitol Hill, has recently produced so much "rough stuff" that somebody's shins, possibly Mr. Coolidge's, are likely to be barked in the present scrimmage. In his famous Chicago speech the President was flat-footed in his opposition to farm relief by government subsidy; the most that the Administration was willing to do was embodied in an innocuous measure to establish a division of cooperative marketing in the Department of Agriculture—for giving information and advice—which recently passed the House. But that did not satisfy the "corn belt" rebels who have been fighting persistently for financial assistance. It now seems that they have won their point, at least in part. The Senate Committee on Agriculture has reported a bill which calls for $250,000,000 from the federal Treasury to enable cooperative organizations to finance the marketing of surplus farm products in time of emergency. The scheme is unpleasantly reminiscent of the McNary-Haugen bill and would seem to be only another way of supporting unprofitable industry at public expense. Yet the Secretary of Agriculture—doubtless with the President's approval—has written a letter upholding the main purposes of the measure, and Senator McKinley's recent defeat has so frightened Republicans in regard to the Administration's prestige in the Middle West that they may do more than they want to toward placating the farmer. After all it is only the people's money that would be spent, and although Mr. Coolidge's shins might be barked in the scrimmage it would be the poor old consumer who would be trampled upon and carried off the field unconscious.

WE READ WITH SORROW of the apparent defeat of the Mills bill to restore the seized German property to its rightful owners and to adjust German and American claims growing out of the war. It having been brought out by Representative Garner that Representative Mills was interested in a company which would profit by the bill, Mr. Mills properly severed his connection with the measure. It has likewise appeared that Secretary Mellon is a stockholder in five corporations which have received awards from the Mixed Claims Commission and would be compensated by the bill if it should pass. We do not think that these are fatal objections to a measure which is of vast importance to the good name of the United States and to the reestablishment of the inviolability of private property in war time. Mr. Garner was indulging in idle rhetoric when he called the bill "legalized theft," and his dwelling upon the fact that the Standard Oil Company would profit by it for injuries inflicted by the Germans during the war was a gallery play. Everyone must, of course, be grateful to Mr. Garner for pointing out mistakes in the bill and any improprieties connected with it. If the bill is faulty, let us correct it. But the fact remains that if the money is not returned it will be stolen money and we shall have turned our back upon our historic policy of safeguarding private property in war time. More than that, the return of this money just now would be of special benefit to Germany because of her depressed economic conditions and, since it would be disbursed in the United States, would correspondingly stimulate business here. The last is the least important argument. The honor of this nation is paramount.

THE FORCIBLE EJECTION of five army-reserve officers from a forum in Brooklyn, addressed by the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman in protest against the militarization of our schools and colleges, seems to have been the result of one of these officers and gentlemen calling Mr. Cadman a liar. We are sorry they were ejected, for the more they behave in this manner the clearer it will be to what lengths these reserve officers will go. Pushing civilians off the sidewalk and physical assaults upon those who criticize the army, according to the old German traditions, will probably come next. Free speech these reserve officers as individuals are entitled to; they have every right to speak with courtesy—during the open-forum period. But the public ought to be aware that some of these reserve officers, who now number approximately 90,000, are more and more arrogating to themselves the right to pass upon public utterances, not as individuals but as members of the military group. There are signs in many quarters of a deliberate attempt by them to control public opinion and to pass upon the eligibility of speakers as if they were divinely appointed censors because of their reserve commissions. To this there must be the proper reply. We rejoice that the truth of Mr. Cadman's remarks about the spirit inculcated by military training in our schools and colleges was immediately demonstrated by his ill-mannered military auditors.

THE FIGHT of the *American Mercury* to exercise its editorial judgment free from a stupid and prudish censorship has by no means been won. Following the favorable decision of Judge Parmenter in Boston, a hidebound police judge in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has fined a little local newsdealer $100 for selling the *Mercury*, and the Solicitor of the Post Office Department, after hearing Mr. Mencken and his counsel, Arthur Garfield Hays, has refused to reverse his decision. On the other hand, Mr. Mencken has obtained a temporary injunction to restrain the Watch and Ward Society from interfering with the distribution of the *Mercury*. It is a long and hard battle

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which Mr. Mencken has begun and he deserves hearty support even from those who may think the publication of Hatrack an error in taste. Granting for the sake of argument that that was the case, no one can truthfully allege that the article is obscene or that it is meant to appeal to the baser passions or to portray vice in an alluring fashion. The idea that small and petty officials and the self-constituted censors of the Watch and Ward Society shall be allowed to establish a censorship over the press is unthinkable. Even in the case of the "sex magazines" the remedy lies elsewhere. Meanwhile, for the sake of the cause, Mr. Mencken is plunged deep into costly litigation and subjected to the pressure which always comes when an editor runs counter to a benighted public authority. We hope that one outcome will be the doubling of the *Mercury's* subscription list.

WHAT SIZE OF COMMUNITY operates with maximum efficiency? An attempt to answer this question for New York State has been made by Governor Smith's Commission on Housing and Regional Planning. The commission's report leads up to the question: What size of communities should regional planners plan for? The report does not answer this last question, but it clears a great deal of preliminary ground. The steady drift to the cities that is depopulating the rural sections of New York has tended to decrease both the efficiency of the depopulated areas and of the expanding cities—efficiency from the point of view of government costs per capita. The most economical areas are those with a county population of from 75,000 to 100,000. In such counties the cost of government per family averages $14 a year. As county population decreases, government costs rise sharply, reaching a peak of $57 per family in Hamilton County, with a population of 3,970. In the thirty counties with fewer than 50,000 persons the average cost is $20. Similarly, for counties with more than 100,000 persons the average cost per family is $20. These figures are only one of the many important results of the survey. Sooner or later we have got to plan communities instead of leaving them to be developed by guess and by land speculators.

EUROPE'S CHAMPION SOCCER TEAM has come to add Western laurels to its long list of victories. The twenty-three young Jewish athletes who represent Hakoah Sportklub are a truly international team, for the same reasons that their race is a race of internationalists. But through all the generations of Ghetto life it has been a race of scholars and tradesmen, of thoughtful-eyed, stoop-shouldered men who demanded of their cramped bodies only that they carry their owners to and from the *yeshiva* and the shop. Hakoah (the Hebrew word for strength) was organized in Budapest in 1907, and later in Vienna, to develop the weak body of the Jew as his intellect had been developed. The Sportklub took as its duty the physical improvement of the mass of the race, but incidentally it produced champions in every line of sport. Hakoah at present holds European championships in soccer, wrestling, swimming, aquatics, hockey, and even chess. Exciting tales are told about Hakoah's victories—how it was the first continental organization to defeat an English soccer team, and how Vienna turned out to receive the victors when they returned; how the two Hakoah members of the Austrian national team made all the points that defeated a powerful Swedish opponent; how local teams have fallen before them in what has amounted to a triumphal march over Europe. Their American visit has more significance than the mere expectation of rolling up new honors. They hope, for one thing, to establish branches of Hakoah among American Jews. Soccer has been gaining steadily in popularity as an international game; recently it has begun to fill huge stadiums in Latin America no less than on the Continent and in England, where it has long drawn larger crowds even than baseball in America.

THE FIRST NUMBER of the *New Masses* has made its appearance under a flaming cover bearing the head of a coal miner emblazoned with a torch and a rose. If this picture by Hugo Gellert seems to promise a program of sweetness and light, the sweetness and light we get will be nearer Swift, who invented the phrase, than Matthew Arnold, who popularized it. For an examination of the pages within reveals a hardness of purpose on the part of the editors which it is impossible to believe will ever tend toward compromise or "culture." The *New Masses*, like the old *Masses*, from which it so legitimately stems and from which it so healthily differs, will, we believe, carve out a culture of its own; and if this culture is never one which the workers whom the editors befriend will understand, at any rate it will be one in harmony with the look and feel of the present age. It will be nothing pretty, nothing sentimental, nothing optimistic without reason; and there will be abundant room for satire of the kind that slugs and bites. The pictures in this first number by Art Young, Boardman Robinson, Hugo Gellert, Louis Lozowick, William Gropper, Stuart Davis, and Bobritzky are, it seems to us, the best things in it; they strike decisive blows, and they are an interpretation of the living world where machinery whirs and men wear brutal countenances befitting their brutal purposes. But the prose and the verse lag not too far behind; only a little more search will draw forth authors who will be a match for these artists.

> The President told the newspapermen that an owl, one of the five that live on the White House grounds, had entered his room the night before and perched on his bedpost. He was not a noisy owl. He came quietly and went away silently.—Washington dispatch, April 16.

"GHOSTLY, grim, and silent owlet, wandering from thy nightly shore,
Tell me what's thy quiet purpose ere the President shall snore."
Quoth the owlet: "Nevermore!"

No man thus was ever blessed with bird upon his bed of yore,
Bird or beast upon his bed-post—one of brass and one of four—
With such a name as "Nevermore."

"In this home by silence haunted, tell me truly, I implore,
Is there *any*thing in silence, tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the owlet: "What a bore!"

"Leave my loneliness unbroken, quit the post and let me snore!
You have made me doubt my wisdom—which I never did before."
Quoth the owlet: "Evermore!"

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A Sheriff's Dictatorship

THE strike of the textile workers in and about Passaic, New Jersey, has advanced from an industrial to a political contest. The mill-owners, having failed to break the strike by starving out the workers, have sought and obtained the aid of public officials in illegally suppressing civil rights and setting up a reign of terror. In the city of Garfield, a part of Bergen County, the Sheriff—without any lawful authority—has gone so far as to proclaim what was at first boldly called "martial law," and is in effect such, patrolling the streets with men armed with shotguns, ordering certain persons off the public highways, and breaking up meetings even on private property.

For some weeks the police had been assisting the mill-owners in the good old-fashioned way—by manhandling and clubbing picketers, even extending such tactics to reporters and photographers of the metropolitan newspapers. But with the announcement that Forstmann and Huffmann would reopen their mills in Garfield on April 12 a new regime went into effect. Forstmann and Huffmann threatened to sue the city of Garfield in case of damages, and the Mayor—an employee of a company involved in the strike—asked the Sheriff of Bergen County to take over the maintenance of law and order. The Sheriff came in with a force of deputies, many of whom were quartered at once in the Forstmann and Huffmann plant, there to be fed and lodged. From the start the Sheriff thus compromised his position as a public official and put himself under the thumb of the mill-owners. On the day that work was supposedly resumed in the Forstmann and Huffmann mills the riot act was read to prevent the picketing of the plant.

Thereupon the Sheriff asserted that the riot act, which is intended to suppress a dangerously disorderly gathering at a particular place and time, was a statute under which he could establish a condition amounting to martial law. He assumed that the riot law, having been read once to disperse an individual gathering at a definite place, was of continuing force and might be extended over as much of the county and for as long a time as he desired. He placarded the city of Garfield with notices forbidding public assemblage within its limits. He and others proclaimed that the region had been put under "martial law." A justice of the peace before whom arrested persons were brought refused to permit the taking of shorthand notes and asserted: "This is not a court of law; it is a court of martial law." A more asinine utterance could hardly be conceived outside of musical comedy, and friends higher up apparently pointed out to the little pundits of Bergen County that their language was excessive, as only the Governor of New Jersey could declare martial law. They then modified their language *but not their actions*. They said Garfield was under "riot law," and kept their placards against public assemblage where they were. In order that our readers may see what an amazing perversion of law this involved we quote below the essential clauses of the New Jersey statute on riots:

> That from and after the publication of this act, if any persons to the number of twelve or more, being armed with clubs, guns, swords, or other weapons, or if any number of persons, consisting of thirty or more, shall be unlawfully, routously, riotously, or tumultously assembled, any justice of the peace, sheriff or under-sheriff, or constable of the county where such assembly shall be, shall, among the rioters, or as near to them as he can safely come, command silence, while proclamation is making, and shall, openly and with a loud voice, make, or cause to be made, proclamation in these or the like words:
>
> State of New Jersey. By virtue of an act of this State entitled "An act to prevent routs, riots and tumultous assemblies," I am directed to charge and command all persons, being here assembled, immediately to disperse themselves and peacefully to depart to their habitations, or to their lawful business, upon the pains and penalties contained in the said act. God save the State.

Arrests are authorized "if such persons, so unlawfully, routously, riotously, and tumultously assembled as aforesaid, shall, after proclamation made, or attempted to be made, in manner aforesaid, continue together and not disperse themselves within one hour." A penalty is provided, upon conviction, of as much as a fine of $1,000 and three years in prison.

The American Civil Liberties Union accepted the challenge of the Mussolini of Bergen County and undertook a meeting in Garfield to bring the situation before the courts. A lease was obtained for the use of a privately owned vacant lot. Norman Thomas, contributing editor to *The Nation* and director of the League for Industrial Democracy, courageously offered to organize the meeting and be the first speaker. Two other editors of *The Nation* and a score of persons from the strikers' headquarters in Passaic went with him. After about ten minutes of what the police officer who made the complaint testified "was a peaceful gathering" Mr. Thomas was arrested; he was subsequently held in $10,000 bail by the same justice of the peace who had previously declared his office to be not a court of law but a court of martial law. Mr. Thomas was charged with unlawful assemblage after the riot law had been read. (It had been read two days before in another place to disperse a different gathering.)

No judge with an understanding of English and a desire to deal honestly can do other than release Mr. Thomas when he appears for trial, but in the meanwhile the Sheriff's reign of terror may have the effect—as is clearly intended—of breaking the strike. Especially is this true since, subsequent to the arrest of Mr. Thomas, a drastic and unjustifiable injunction against picketing the Forstmann and Huffmann mills was issued and the police force of the city of Passaic was put under the Sheriff of that county, with the prospect that "martial law" might be set up there. Neither the clergy nor the bar of New Jersey has expressed in a sufficiently widespread or vigorous way its disapproval of the revolutionary tactics of employers and public officials, although there has been a splendid response from leaders of public opinion in New York City. Especial thanks are due to Bainbridge Colby for going, without fee, to the defense of Albert Weisbord, the strikers' leader. The situation calls for denunciation, and if possible legal action, on the part of every citizen of the areas affected. It demands country-wide support, moral and financial, for the United Front Committee of the strikers, 743 Main Street, Passaic, New Jersey, or the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, Room 635, 799 Broadway, New York City.

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Luther Burbank

IT is not surprising, perhaps, that Professor Bailey was once asked whether Luther Burbank was the only plant breeder in this country. Probably, even now, most men could name no others. Burbank did not seek the publicity he received, but he could hardly have avoided it in view of the large number of new forms which he produced, ranging from flowers, berries, potatoes, and walnuts to spineless cacti.

Burbank did not have a university training, and would probably not have received instruction in the principles of genetics and plant-breeding in his youth in any event. While he read considerably, he was not well versed in the theoretical side of plant-breeding. He might be called a practical man interested in obtaining a tangible result, such as an improved fruit or flower; he was not so much concerned with the advancement of scientific knowledge. His methods were largely empirical and his success depended more on his intensive efforts and keen observation than on the technique used. Burbank was not inclined to accept the general applicability of Mendelian laws of heredity in his work. What difference in results he would have obtained had he done so, we cannot say. Had he stopped to work on theoretical problems and lay a scientific basis for further work, he might not have produced as many immediate results as he accomplished.

However, the work he did was sufficient to earn him scientific recognition. Some of his experiments serve as excellent examples of the effectiveness of certain methods in producing new types. He utilized hybridization of various species to produce new variations and combinations of characters and then selected on a large scale for especially favorable individuals. This selection and crossing he sometimes continued for ten years or more in an effort to get the particular type of plant desired. A knack in picking out the right ten or a dozen plants from among 10,000 or more probably facilitated eventual success. Let it not be supposed, however, that he always succeeded. Naturally, the failures did not become known. Some of Burbank's admirers have implied that divine intervention kept his experiments and photographic plates from injury during the earthquake of 1905, but his achievements, as well as his luck, are in need of no supernatural explanations.

A good example of his methods is cited by de Vries. Burbank raised 40,000 blackberry and raspberry hybrids until the fruits were matured. Of all the plants a single variety was chosen as the best and named the "Paradox" berry. The others were uprooted and formed a pile twelve feet wide, twenty-two feet long, and fourteen feet high. The pile was burned and made a good warm fire. In the fire all the 40,000 plants were destroyed, save only the one selected by Burbank as a parent-plant of the new variety.

The large scale on which he carried out this experiment characterized his other work. The production and improvement of the spineless cactus occupied his attention for over ten years. During that time he made many crosses involving species and varieties from different parts of the world. The spineless cactus was not entirely a new thing with Burbank, as there were already known cacti with relatively few small thorns, but these did not have other qualities which he desired. After repeated hybridizations and long selection, a cactus was produced that was vigorous and hardy, of good edible qualities, and so lacking in thorns that it could be rubbed against the face without discomfort. This was something of an achievement and was proclaimed as a world-saver in some quarters. One enthusiastic author says:

> This fearsome dreaded foe of the race has been conquered, the times of little rain are set at naught, the great flame-hearted sun itself, burning its mighty way across the blistering desert, is defied, the whole desert and arable regions of the globe by the act of one man may become a limitless reservoir of food.

Burbank should not be blamed for this extravagant paragraph, though the deserts are not yet extensively covered with the new cactus and there is a reasonable doubt whether at the present time it would be a profitable enterprise to uproot the thorned cacti and replace them with the new thornless ones. The undertaking might well require so much expenditure of labor and money that it would not be worth while.

Luther Burbank must have loved his work. He kept very busy at it, though he regretted the necessity of preventing interruption by curbing the number of visitors after he had become famous. It is greatly to his credit that he did not try to profit unduly by his creations, but actually spent a good deal of his money in further experimentation. He received a grant from the Carnegie Institution, but even then used his own funds in carrying out more extensive work.

Burbank is frequently spoken of as a "wizard" or "scientific genius." His genius was for long and intensive work toward a definite goal carried out in a highly capable manner.

With "Hamlet" Left Out

BERNARD SHAW, who used to be accused of blasphemy because he ventured to suggest that Shakespeare's plays were not in all respects the most perfect which could ever be written, has now, so it has become known, come out in the bard's defense. It seems that he attended the first performance of Barrymore's "Hamlet" in London, at the actor's own invitation, and that the following day he penned a characteristically vigorous and characteristically lengthy letter of protest, which Barrymore has just made public in his "Confessions of an Actor"; he, apparently, going upon the theory that it is something even to have been damned by the sage of Adelphi Terrace, who not long ago confessed his indifference to American art by saying that he had never heard of Willa Cather and thought Stuart P. Sherman was a dead general.

After remarking that "Hamlet" was played almost entire at Stratford in three and three-quarters hours, whereas Barrymore took five minutes longer to perform a version "cut to ribbons even to the breath-bereaving extremity of cutting out the recorders, which is rather like playing 'King John' without little Arthur," Shaw continues:

> You saved, say, an hour and a half on Shakespeare by the cutting, and filled it up with an interpolated drama of your own dumb show. . . . To try this method on Shakespeare is to take an appalling responsibility and put up a staggering pretension. Shakespeare, with all his shortcomings, was a very great playwright, and the actor who

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undertakes to improve his plays undertakes thereby to excel to an extraordinary degree in two professions in both of which the highest success is extremely rare; Shakespeare himself, though by no means a modest man, did not pretend to be able to play "Hamlet" as well as write it; he was content to do a recitation in the dark as a ghost. . . . You say, in effect, I am not going to read "Hamlet" at all. But see what I give you in exchange. . . . You discard the recorders as hackneyed back-chat . . . and offer instead a demonstration of that very modern discovery, the Œdipus complex. . . . Now, your success in this must depend on whether the play invented by Barrymore on the Shakespeare foundation can hold an audience as a straightforward reading of Shakespeare's rhetoric can. . . . I wish you would . . . concentrate on acting rather than on authorship, at which, believe me, Shakespeare can write your head off. But that may be vicarious professional jealousy on my part.

On the whole, and as usual, we agree with Shaw. Interpretation is one thing and it is part of an actor's business, but when interpretation comes to the point of introducing anything like Mr. Barrymore's Œdipus complex, which was certainly no part of the author's intention, it ceases to be interpretation and becomes revision. Undoubtedly there were phenomena of the human mind which Shakespeare did not comprehend, and undoubtedly they offer interesting dramatic possibilities; but instead of foisting bright ideas upon him it would be better for those who feel that they can improve upon Shakespeare to imitate the original author of the famous "Better than Shakespeare?" query and write their own plays.

How Not to Treat the Alien

THE Aswell registration-of-aliens bill provides for a compulsory yearly registration of aliens and payment of a fee of $10 for the first registration and $5 for each subsequent registration. The Secretary of Labor must divide the United States into districts which, as far as possible, shall contain a post office, so that every alien shall register with the postmaster in the district wherein he resides; removal from one district to another must be recorded upon the registration card. The card is to be exhibited whenever demanded by police or peace officers or other officials designated in the act. Whenever the physical appearance of an alien changes materially, this must be reported to the postmaster. Presumably when one becomes obese, or affects bobbed hair, or raises a mustache, such physical changes must be reported.

In the interest of the national defense in the case of emergency, all aliens, or any of them, are required to report at such time and places as may be fixed by the President. In other words, all aliens, by order of the President, might be herded together in the Stock Yards of Chicago or in the Everglades of Florida. One can imagine the havoc resulting from such a provision, if we had a Daugherty or a Palmer as Attorney General. Violations of the act are punishable by a fine of $100, or imprisonment for sixty days, or both. Violations such as false statements in the application, or the altering of a certificate, are punishable by fines of $5,000, or imprisonment for two years, or both. Furthermore, all aliens convicted of violations of the act shall immediately be arrested and deported if they come under the deportation provisions of the law of 1917.

Any such law would bear the characteristics of Prussianism in its meanest form. A real police espionage system is set up. The alien would be under constant surveillance. Otherwise how could the Government tell whether the 7,000,000 aliens had registered? They would be stopped on the street. Their homes would be invaded. Their getting up and lying down would be watched. The Secretary of Labor sugar-coated the proposition by saying that schoolteachers could help the postmasters do the registering. But the enforcement of this compulsory system is just as essential. The law will not enforce itself. Without proper enforcement we would have another prohibition farce. A vast army of inspectors would be necessary to check up so many persons. They would make life miserable for the alien. There would be fertile fields for oppression and graft.

As Representative Cellar of New York points out, registration would provoke ill-will among aliens. Aliens resent being tagged and set aside as a class. At the present time only criminals are so treated. Registration would not detect criminals, as it is claimed. They would register—they would be too slick not to.

The Secretary of Labor claims that it would help Americanize the alien by educating him. It is hard to see how mere registration could bring about education. Most of our illiteracy is not among the aliens. It is among our natives. Census figures of 1920 show that nearly two-thirds of our total illiteracy is to be found among white and colored native-born inhabitants. If education is the goal, then register everyone—alien and citizen alike.

Citizens would be in danger. An inspector could pounce upon anyone and demand that he give proof of citizenship. One-half of the citizens of the United States today are unable to produce any record of birth. (See hearing before House Committee of Immigration, Serial 10, October 19 to November 22, 1921, pages 1124 and 1125.) What is to prevent an unscrupulous inspector from taking hold of a citizen, thus handicapped, and demanding that he register? If he cannot produce evidence of his citizenship he would be subjected to penalties under this act.

Registration would not prevent smuggling or bootlegging of aliens. Only proper border control can do that. Why should peaceful aliens who are here now pay such a costly price for the sake of a comparatively few aliens who smuggle their way in?

To let loose a horde of registration inspectors, with power of deportation, would open wide the door to graft of the worst sort. It is most difficult to procure honest enforcement officials, either in the prohibition or income-tax units. No fewer than 796 income-tax inspectors were removed for graft from 1921 to 1924, while some 875 prohibition employees have been discharged for similar cause. How much greater would be the opportunities for bribery and chicanery among the poor, ignorant, and unregistered aliens?

The registration proposal provides no statute of limitations. Failure to register could be raised twenty-five years from now, and illegal entry twenty years ago could be the means of immediate deportation. Aliens firmly established here for many years could be sent away.

William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, stigmatizes registration as having all the elements of a strike-crushing, union-breaking proposal, and would mean the adoption by our Government of the spying practices of private detective agencies.

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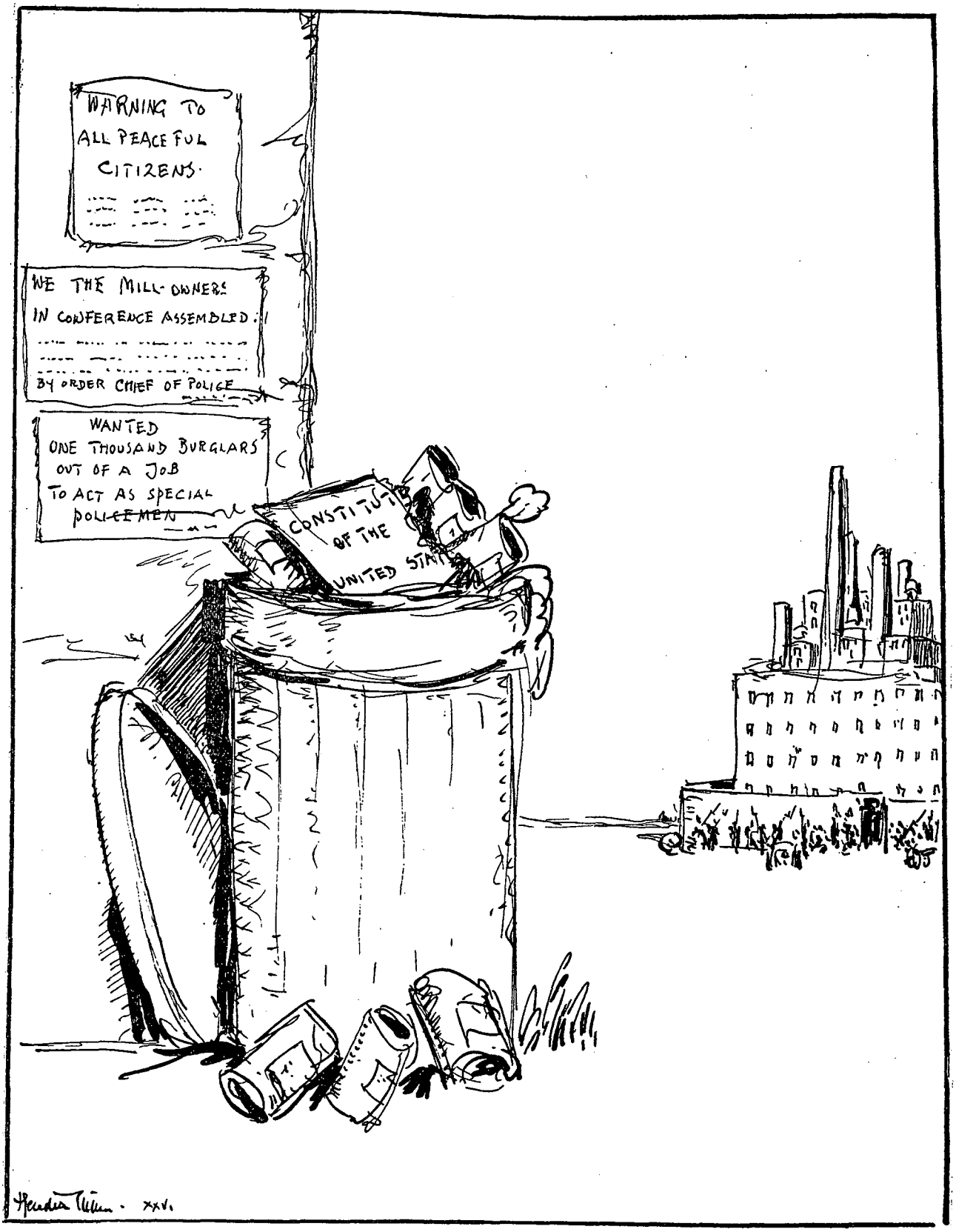

JERSEY JUSTICE

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New Jersey Under "The Terror"

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

FROM the top of the Woolworth Tower you can see them across the Jersey meadows—Passaic, Garfield, Clifton, Lodi—a cluster of mills and houses merging into one another almost under the west windows of New York. But the war being waged in those towns has seemed to isolate them, to shove them off to some remote industrial frontier. They have become outlaw towns, barricaded against the paralyzing restrictions of civilized practice. The police and mill-owners have leagued against the law; in full view of the world they have resorted to guns and clubs and riot acts to crush the effort of the mill-workers to win a few minor improvements in their conditions of life.

Such tactics are not new in American labor wars. I have seen mine camps in West Virginia governed by guns, with armed constabulary strolling up the tracks between the dark walls of the hills ready to pump lead into an unwary striker or an unwelcome outsider. But this was in coal valleys far from judges and courts of law, in private camps owned, to every house and store, by powerful, irresponsible companies who choose and pay—directly or indirectly—every judge and every deputy and every hired gunman. When such methods are used in the industrial backyard of a great city they not only gain dramatic effect, they make a joke of our facile city faith in certain forms of personal security.

The textile strike, now thirteen weeks long, started as a simple protest against a 10 per cent cut in wages already far below a decent living standard. As it gathered momentum the demands were stiffened: a 10 per cent rise was added, together with recognition of the workers' organization—the United Front Committee—a forty-four-hour week, and improved conditions in the mills. These were all refused and the owners declined to meet any committee headed by Albert Weisbord, the leader of the strikers. Various attempts at mediation failed. Relief committees were organized and through cold and hungry weeks the strikers struggled on. They were orderly, if not always respectful. They insisted on their legal right to picket, and marched two by two in long lines past the walls of the vast mills—closed against the world like beleaguered towns. When the police attempted to break their ranks or prevent them from marching from one town to the next, they marched anyway. They used no force even when force was used against them. They merely continued stubbornly and courageously to hold their ranks, and march. The first serious clash occurred on March 2, when the police used tear bombs, fire hose, and clubs to break up a crowd of strikers in front of the Botany Mills. The attack horrified the country and for the first time brought the strike to the notice of the world at large. This violence was followed next day by an attack in Clifton, where the police charged a crowd of strikers and sympathizers and clubbed indiscriminately workers and onlookers and newspapermen. On April 10 police dispersed a demonstration of children and arrested Weisbord, holding him in $30,000 bail. On the following Monday a picket line in Garfield was smashed to pieces with clubs and rifle butts, and the riot act was read forbidding meetings or picket lines and putting the town in the hands of the Sheriff. The more important leaders were arrested; so that now as I write the strike is moving of its own momentum with many of its leaders either in jail under heavy bail or awaiting trial. It has become, on the side of the police, a simple war of clubs and arrests with an added effort to cripple the power of the workers by setting bail at fantastic amounts. So far the arrests seem to have strengthened the will of the strikers and bail has been supplied by other unions and sympathetic outsiders.

No wonder the mill-owners want the picket line smashed. Of all labor's means of warfare, mass picketing is the most effective. Thousands of workers walking slowly in line give an impression of power and solidity that must disturb the most cynical of mill-owners. Two by two they go: boys and girls, grinning and shouting to the passers-by; shabby women in shawls or knitted caps, some with babies in their arms; men and boys; children by the dozen howling raucous taunts to the few faces in the factory windows. "Sol-i-dar-ity for-ev-er," shout bunches of little girls, and hoot when the police try to shut them up.

I watched them march for an hour one day—2,000 workers in line. And I watched the police at the corners and at the mill gates frown as they went by, sourly aware of the strength displayed in the long line, and aware too of the ease with which they could break that strength into 2,000 helpless particles by their guns and clubs, their horses and motorcycles. The police moved uneasily up and down the street, roughly ordering the children and the marching workers to stop their songs, hurrying them along when they fell into groups or halted for a moment.

> When you're up you're up.
> When you're down you're down.
> When you're up against the strikers
> You're upside down.

The children chanted their refrain whenever a policeman or a figure in a mill yard gave them a hostile audience.

> Two, four, six, eight—
> Who do we apprishiate—
> Weisbord!

They yelled it in provocative, piercing tones. The police scowled—but did no more.

Not that day. But a few days later the street in front of the mill had a different look. Picketing was stopped. Strikers walking in small groups faced a bristling body of armed men: police with guns, city firemen sheepishly dangling black nightsticks. Some of the workers moved toward the mill—and clubs barred their way. They moved back toward their hall. Police shoved them angrily. Restraint was gone; now they could prove who was stronger; now they could dissolve a marching army into its helpless units. "Clear out," they growled and poked the workers with their sticks. "Come on, clean 'em out," they yelled and, forming a solid body, held their sticks in front of them and shoved

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the workers at a run down the street. No children were laughing on that day; no women were singing. "Cossacks!" they said to each other as the mounted police galloped their horses up to the very curb. "Dirty Cossacks." On the evening before heads had been cracked with clubs, retreating strikers beaten to the ground, men and women arrested. The spirit of the strikers was still high, but it was angry and bitter. The holiday mood was gone.

On the side of the police not even a pretense is left of respect for law. The Sheriff and deputies of Bergen County laugh at the Constitution and wave aside as of no moment all questions as to the application of the "riot act." An insistence on legal processes has become synonymous with bolshevism and revolution. A mere mention of the law is considered an insult to the authorities. The chief of police of Garfield explained the attitude of the police: "We gotta keep order," he said. "We can't let them strikers march all over the place. Why, that last picket line was a disgrace —kids hammerin' tin pans! A stranger comin' into town would of thought he was in a lunatic asylum,"—and so, law or no law, the police of Garfield and the Sheriff of the county with his deputies are standing ready with riot guns and sawed-off shotguns to preserve the good name of the town. "If the Governor of the State come up here and told us this riot act was no good, we'd tell him to go back where he come from," thus a deputy summed up the situation.

A case has been initiated to test the validity of the Garfield riot act. Norman Thomas, mounted on a stump on a private lot rented for the purpose, spoke to a crowd of strikers, onlookers, police, and deputies. He spoke quietly, praising the workers for their amazing discipline, urging them no matter what the provocation to continue to keep order. At a signal from the under sheriff he was dragged down from the stump and put under arrest; the meeting was dispersed. The riot act had been read in Garfield two days before; it has no legal effect beyond the occasion for which it is invoked, but its practical effect seems to be permanent. As a deputy sheriff said: "It still works all right!" The courts will decide its validity—in time. Meanwhile, unless another remedy can be found, meetings will continue to be broken up and picket lines dispersed.

On the surface these lawless tactics are of excellent effect. Certainly the strikers' halls in Bergen County have been closed and anyone who disobeys orders is promptly jailed; bail is being fixed at a rate that no workers' organization can indefinitely meet. The police and sheriffs and judges and mill-owners may see in this a tangible success and try to believe in it. Actually, from the moment they chose lawlessness and violence as their weapons, they lost their case—and maybe their strike as well. Each day has seen public feeling swell and run over into nearby cities and on down to Washington; a local strike has become a national struggle.

Prohibition on Trial

By H. C. ENGELBRECHT

I. The Wets Speak

TIME: The seventh year of the reign of King Prohibition, E. V. (Era of Volstead.) Place: Washington, D. C. *Dramatis personae:* The King himself on trial under a long bill of indictment; the senatorial judges, chief of whom is the redoubtable Reed, with a wide and varied knowledge of the ways of bootleggers, methods of distilling, and the technique of annihilating repartee; witnesses from many parts of the kingdom to give evidence for and against the accused. It is the trial scene; and as the curtain rises on the crowded courtroom there is much excitement and much noise. The enemies of the King shout their grievances from the house-tops: "We will not have this man rule over us! He has robbed our treasures and shouldered us with a troop of infamous spies and oppressors. 'A bas le roi!'" But the friends of the King come forward: "You do wrong to rebel! Consider that the history of the last years was the death-agony of the old and the birth-throes of the new era. Such times are always difficult. Surely you would not strangle the babe in the cradle—merely because it is a babe!" Knowing then that we are dealing with friends and foes of the accused, we listen to the testimony of the various witnesses, vastly different as to scope, range, accuracy, and value.

To some extent it is true that "all these statements are guesses," but they are the best guesses available. There are contradictions, and the margin of error remains, but statistics of the Government, the police, and life insurance companies, or careful though incomplete surveys, are more than guesswork. When we approach imaginative fiction, "Inquisitor" Reed steps in and the following results:

> QUESTION: Of course, all you have said here has been a matter of hearsay? ANSWER: Yes.
>
> Q.: That is, what has been reported to you? A.: Yes, no statistics exactly.

There is fundamental disagreement as to the classification of violations of the Volstead act. Is it moral and social wrong, like murder or robbery; or is it merely prohibited wrong, like violating the parking rules? What is its proper punishment: a fine, permitting the offender "to escape on payment of money," or "decapitation"? Does such an offense justify the destruction of every vestige of Anglo-Saxon rights, the Magna Carta, and the Constitution? A deep chasm exists here which must yet be bridged. But if we cannot compose our differences, let us at least define them. And now for the testimony.

THE SUCCESS OF THE VOLSTEAD LAW

"The law was foisted on the country by the Anti-Saloon League," which spent as much as $2,500,000 a year and thus intimidated most candidates for office. Therefore "the law never went into effect"; "there is much resentment against it"; and liquor is plentiful everywhere. The evidence for the failure of the law may be seen in

1. *The mounting number of arrests for drunkenness and for violating the Volstead law.* Thus from 1920 to 1925 the arrests by federal agents have in-

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creased sixfold, the convictions tenfold, and the seizure of stills, etc., twelvefold. Arrests by the police in six large cities rose in the same period from 78,727 to 220,599. Wayne B. Wheeler's statement that there are 500,000 fewer arrests for drunkenness since prohibition is vigorously denied. Records were gathered in 355 cities for the period 1914 to 1924 and in 457 towns for the years 1920 to 1924. The survey shows a low point in 1920, but a rapid increase with every year until the highest pre-war figures are in sight. The increase in arrests of drunken drivers for the largest cities from 1920 to 1924 shows New York, 484 per cent; Chicago, 440 per cent; Washington, D. C., 1,062 per cent; Milwaukee, 2,534 per cent; Minneapolis, 916 per cent; New Haven, 713 per cent, etc.

2. *The tragic results of violation.* Everything is drunk by the thirsty: wood alcohol, embalming fluid, kerosene. Death-rate due to alcoholism increased fivefold since 1920; the murder rate almost 400 per cent in five years; in New York the prison population is the largest since 1917, Bellevue shows an increase in alcoholic cases of 100 per cent, public institutions show an increase of 17,692 in one year; Boston's home for alcoholics shows an increase of 300 per cent. *Per contra* one branch of the Salvation Army reports a great decline in the cases of destitution due to drunkenness; further the absence of even a single arrest in St. Louis in twenty-four hours is cited as an important symptom. (Senator Reed, who is from Missouri, is in doubt here whether this was due to a moral wave or whether the police were off duty for a day.)

3. *The breakdown of the morale of the home and the state.* Up to 90 per cent of the homes are declared to be breweries or distilleries; drastic disruption of the home described through "Fatty Arbuckle parties," babes calling for moonshine, children and adolescent youth carrying flasks. General disrespect for law throughout country, the existence of a huge underworld only alien to a small degree, the creation of bootleg millionaires, the metamorphosis of blind tigers into places of romance and respectability, etc.

The Source of the Alcohol Supply

There are three chief sources:

1. *Smuggling from Canada, Mexico, or elsewhere.* This accounts for 5 to 10 per cent of the total. Government agents seize about 5 per cent of smuggled goods. A year ago two boats a week were captured, now but one.

2. *The home.* In 1925 172,537 stills were seized. General Andrews estimated this number at about 10 per cent. This would concede 1,720,000 stills in the country. Senator Reed demonstrated the ease ("simpler than making bread") with which a still is rigged up out of a wash-boiler or less than that, and how a little corn sugar and fire will produce whiskey. How is so easy a process to be stopped? The increased use of corn sugar (1921—152,000,000 pounds; 1923—528,000,000 pounds) can only be explained by its use for distillation.

3. *The United States Government.* There is a great legitimate demand for industrial alcohol. The Government therefore distils the alcohol and "denaturing plants" poison it. This stuff was so deadly that it was sold without restriction. Then the situation was studied with the following result: The normal increase in the demand for industrial alcohol is about 1,000,000 gallons a year; the demand was now growing at the rate of 20,000,000 gallons a year. From 1920 to 1925 the normal demand had been exceeded by 60,000,000 gallons. (Here Buckner and Andrews differ seriously.) Undoubtedly denatured, poisoned alcohol was being renatured and cleaned. So it proved. 98.5 per cent of 50,000 samples examined in two years showed traces of poison. Meanwhile the Government had furnished to the bootleggers 60,000,000 gallons, which was split three times, sold at $5 a quart for a gross total of $3,600,000,000. Much of this was never poisoned, but passed right on for "tobacco sprays," "auto non-freeze compounds," for filling non-refillable bottles, or what the process may be called. In February under close supervision and check the Philadelphia denaturing plants sold 500,000 gallons, in January the sales had mounted to 1,700,000 gallons. New York showed a similar increase. In a smaller way the Government has kept the public supplied through the drug-stores. New York's 1,200 drug-stores with liquor permits are allowed 240,000 gallons of medicinal whiskey a year. They actually drew 480,000 gallons. Summary: American alcohol, drawn chiefly from the Government, has been so plentiful that it competed in the Canadian market.

The Machinery of the Law

The ridiculously inadequate enforcement machinery was emphasized. New York conditions were described: 50,000 offenders make the fifth floor of the Federal Building a seething mob of bartenders, peddlers, waiters, bond-runners, fixers, etc., no important person being in the entire group; 85 to 90 per cent of the cases are thrown out for lack of evidence, the rest are held for trial by signing the legal papers. In this process of affixing signature the courts are five months behind; no stenographer, no finger-printing at hearings; no perjury charges are possible, substitution is easy and occurs often. One man sentenced to three days in jail instead of $100 fine wrote to the judge from jail:

> Now my contract was to appear in court, answer the calendar, and pay a $100 fine, but not to go to jail. I was not the man at all. I was never arrested in my life.

About $300,000 worth of bonds were forfeited by default, but were never paid; bonding companies merely "helping Government to keep courts clear"; constant attempts at bribery; courts intolerably congested; equity courts, where reasonable promptness is essential, are two years behind; jury trial prescribed for all, yet juries do not convict (twenty convictions out of 7,000 cases); only one judge available for the work. Two jury trials a day would care for the arrested petty offenders of one month, inside of a year; the only thing possible is "to call the roll and charge an exit fee"; "toy machinery" for a huge job. Changes needed for adequate enforcement: summary police-court trials without juries for petty offenders; jail sentences instead of fines; enormous increase of personnel for "war against liquor," not mere peace treaty with it; New York district must add seventeen courts with eighty-five judges and 1,300 enforcement agents; New York State must add 150 new judges; total expense of enforcement for New York State, $75,000,000.

The Character and Policy of the Enforcement Personnel

1. *Source and number.* The prohibition agent does not come under the civil service; he is a political appointee. The force is small (the police make most arrests) about

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3,800, but is constantly on the increase. The turnover is very rapid, 10,000 men having already been in the service. Of these 875 have been "separated" from the service, 20 for false statements on applications, 123 for extortion, bribery, and soliciting money, 70 for collusion and conspiracy, 119 for unsatisfactory service and insubordination, 187 for intoxication and misconduct, the rest for stupidity rather than corruption.

2. *Compensation.* The pay of the personnel is very small—an average of $2,000 a year—considering the temptations put in their way. Despite this inadequate wage there are many applications for the jobs, showing what the expectation is.

3. *Enforcement policy.* The present policy aims at "getting the big fellow" and the liquor supply, rather than making thousands of petty arrests. Thus the "padlock order" strikes at the owner instead of the waiter, the bartender, or any other underling. If this works out at times as immunity for the little fellow, it is not so intended.

4. *Methods of enforcement.* Testimony recurs as to the outrageous methods used by government agents, e. g., the use of women as lures, securing the cooperation of a bootlegger's wife through a threat of conviction against her husband, a proposal of marriage to a woman to get bootleg evidence, etc. Criminals are freely used to get information. Such informants or "snitchers" sell their tips to the Government ("you cannot use Sunday-school teachers to apprehend bootleggers"), but most of the information is said to come from the friends of the law. "Snooping" and spying, so warmly recommended by the Anti-Saloon League ("the nosier the better") has not the approval of the present officials. Agents are rigorously held to obey the law, secure search warrants, etc., yet many complaints continue to pour in concerning them.

Suggestions for Improvement

General Andrews thinks that the permission to buy light beers would greatly aid enforcement. Beer was formerly 92 per cent of the country's alcoholic drink; today it drinks hard liquor. Attorney Buckner believes the law is enforceable with adequate legal machinery, jail sentences, abolition of the jury trial for petty offenses, heavy punishment for renaturing alcohol, the right to revoke permits without going to court, the institution of auxiliary judges and inferior courts, etc. Labor clamors for modification. For this reason Canada's experience was drawn upon. Prohibition brought an "avowed unblushing revolt" of half the people with conditions that parallel those described in the United States at present. Modification of the law to permit the sale of beer and wine under government supervision has wrought astonishing changes.

Half the evidence is now in. There is more to be taken. Prohibition has its bitter enemies and its fervent defenders. The important thing just now is to get as many of the facts as possible.

Radio Censorship and the "Listening Millions"

By MORRIS L. ERNST

FREEDOM of speech—at least in the realm of radio—is in the ear of the listener. It is all very well for Senator Dill, in the bill regulating radio communication which is now before Congress, to set forth in general terms the assurance of a continued right of free speech to the public of the air, but this assurance that broadcasting be treated like a public utility and that licenses be granted on the basis of public necessity is meaningless so long as the Department of Commerce is given, without restriction, power to classify licensed stations, to prescribe the nature of their service, and to assign and allocate wave lengths. It is as if Secretary Kellogg had said to Count Karolyi: "Sure, talk all you want—only you must make your address in this padded cell"; and to Count Szechenyi: "Permit me to offer you the Capitol steps as a platform."

If the Dill bill is passed, unamended, by the Senate (and a similar bill introduced by White has already passed the House) it will be too late to safeguard public opinion. Protests must be sent promptly to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce supporting the testimony of the American Civil Liberties Union given at the hearing on February 26. Otherwise a statute will be enacted which, in all except general terms, wipes out any relationship between radio and public welfare. In *The Nation* for April 21 we pointed out some of the dangers of such an enactment.

That the situation is unique and difficult must be recognized. Unless a selective process is exercised by some human agency, the air-lanes will be an ethereal Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street at rush-hour, since there are only 89 wave lengths available, capable under present conditions of carrying *no more than 550 stations.* But if this great power must be vested in a person, someone with prejudices and opinions like all of us, the bill outlining his duties should most carefully set up safeguards for its operation. The Dill bill is developed on exactly opposite lines, making it impossible for the public to know the facts about broadcasting or to express its opinion.

The American Civil Liberties Union has recommended concrete amendments to the proposed legislation. Here are some of the important ones:

1. No one corporation, individual, or related interests shall be granted more than one permit—an obvious provision if we are to avoid the actual censorship apparent, for example, in Chicago, where certain magazine and newspaper interests control two stations, while the Chicago Federation of Labor has been refused a license for broadcasting, even though organized labor has no broadcasting station anywhere in the United States. Surely public interest demands that the licenses be not concentrated in a few hands.

2. No licensee discontinuing his license should receive in cash more than the actual cost of the equipment, so that the disgraceful practice of trading in the signature of the Secretary of Commerce shall be discontinued. The signature of Herbert Hoover is being traded in for upward of $100,000 in New York City. If the radio is really a public necessity, no legislation should be enacted which would permit individuals to make profit out of the mere naked owner-

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ship of a governmental license. The bill should provide, in order to overcome this kind of practice, the following machinery: The party discontinuing broadcasting should notify the Department of Commerce of such intention; the Department of Commerce should notify all applicants whose names appear on the list waiting for licenses and all stations having broadcasting licenses at that time would be instructed to make formal announcement over the air that a broadcasting station is to be disposed of. The party selling should in no event receive more than the cost to him of the actual equipment and apparatus. From the various applicants who desire the station no preference shall be given on the basis per se of priority of application, but the Department, after public hearing, shall select that applicant who in the judgment of the Department will best operate the particular broadcasting station in question for "public use and benefit." For example, if three labor unions own broadcasting stations in a particular district, it might well be that a bank then applying for a station should be given greater consideration than some fourth labor union organization, to the end that various opinions and points of view may be broadcast. As conditions are today, and as they will be continued under the Dill bill if it is unamended, licenses are granted in order of application irrespective of any relation to public benefit. Preference should be given to non-profit-making organizations dedicated for public benefit, such as churches, schools, colleges, and other such institutions. The act should furthermore specifically provide that at the time of expiration of a license the holder shall not be given any preference solely for that reason, on the theory that the holder of the license must appear before the Department and justify on the basis of public benefit the continued renewal of the permit.

3. All records of broadcasting stations should be kept on forms prescribed by the Department and open periodically to the public. Such records should include programs which have been broadcast itemized in accordance with types of broadcasting such as jazz, opera, concert music, songs, sermons, political addresses, dinner speeches, etc., a list of all the persons who have applied at broadcasting stations for permission to broadcast and, if refused, the reason for the refusal; rates charged for broadcasting, the amounts of money received, the gross income, and expenditure; all the facts in regard to tie-ups with other stations.

The public and the Department, in possession of such facts, may more wisely come to a determination as to whether or not the particular station should have its license renewed or revoked on the sole basis of public benefit.

4. A provision should be inserted in the act that public hearings be held in each case in connection with original issuance of license, renewal of license, or revocation of license and that the public be given an opportunity to be heard in each instance. Such opportunity for public opinion to express itself should be open also on questions of relocation of stations, change of wave length, increase of power, or any other questions of similar import.

5. A provision must be inserted in the law that the public may institute proceedings before the Department for the revocation of a license. The greatest safeguard against bureaucratic control will be the initiation of public protest or demand—so as to develop public control.

6. No contracts should be permitted between broadcasting stations as to tie-up, etc., without permission of the Department granted only after a hearing has been held at which other broadcasting stations and the public generally shall be heard. This is essential, for if one or two large broadcasting stations are permitted to tie up throughout the United States with other stations there is created through this process a selective censorship which should be made impossible through legislation.

7. The provision of the act should be substantially tightened in regard to the inability of the licensee to assign. As the bill is now prepared, if a corporation holds the license, the stockholders can circumvent even the present intention of the law by selling their stock. The sale of stock of a corporation holding a license should be subject to the same limitations.

8. Specific provision should be inserted in the act giving the Department control of the leasing of stations. Leases are now made in many instances, but the provisions of the act limiting or restricting the sale or the assignment of a license do not cover the leasing of stations.

9. The monopoly provision of the act must be substantially tightened. As now drafted it is obviously little more than a fiction, as the broadcasting licensee will no doubt evade this section in most cases by operating through a separate corporation.

10. It is essential that the act contain drastic provisions in regard to the holder of patents of apparatus necessary for broadcasting. Assuming that a telephone company owns certain patents essential for proper broadcasting, and assuming that a licensee wishes to broadcast statements by public citizens opposing the increase of telephone rates, it does not take much imagination to appreciate the power of the telephone company over such broadcasting station in the absence of rigid regulations on the part of the Department.

11. The provision of the law relating to aliens holding offices in corporations having the permits should be stricken out. Such limitations on aliens are un-American and inconsistent with corporate law in all of the States of the Union. Moreover, such a provision is readily circumvented. Above all else such discrimination will no doubt lead to retaliatory legislation in other countries. This country is the leader in the spread of broadcasting and manufacture of radio apparatus and such a provision will naturally and properly lead to similar discrimination against American business going abroad.

12. The provisions of the act granting power to the President in "time of war or of threat of war or of public peril or disaster or national emergency" to close down any or all stations are much too broad. Most of the phrases in this sentence are of most doubtful meaning. If the section means anything it means that the President during the late coal strike, for example, would have had the power to close down any or all stations in Pennsylvania which broadcast news favoring the cause of the miners. It might well be that in a presidential election where feeling runs high as in the times of the elections of Adams and Lincoln the President might consider that a national emergency existed and close down all stations not supporting him. The clause is fundamentally wrong. It is in time of war or threat of war or public emergency that free speech becomes a matter of public necessity. The audacity of this section is apparent if we conceive for a moment similar legislation granting similar power to the President of the United States in regard to newspapers. This clause above all else should be eliminated from the bill.

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In conclusion, those provisions of the act stating in general terms the continued rights of free speech are meaningless unless the new bill sets up machinery (1) to prevent consistent exercise of censorship which is now apparent on many stations; (2) to prevent the domination of the radio stations by two or three large concerns; and (3) to establish a machinery by which public opinion may be freely expressed so that the Department shall not automatically through some process of selection of applicants exercise the greatest power of censorship ever vested in a human being.

Granted that some censorship of the air is at this time an engineering necessity, those who believe in the right of free speech must see to it that this censorship is controlled so far as possible by the listening millions of the country. To vest unchecked control in the Secretary of Commerce and a super-political Committee of Five would, in effect, be a partial deeding away of our aerial voices, our ears, and consequently our very thoughts.

[*Mr. Ernst's first article on the control of radio broadcasting appeared in last week's issue of* The Nation.]

Will the Democrats Come Back?

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., April 17

FEW things could be more absurd than the undeniable fact that as a result of the elections this fall the Democratic chances of taking over control of Congress in the middle of the Coolidge term are far better than even. It is conceded that they will make heavy gains in the House, and it is certainly better than an even bet that they will organize the next Senate. The most casual analysis of the senatorial situation is sufficient to convince of that. The seating of Steck means that a gain of eight seats will upset the present Republican majority. Of the twenty-five Republicans running for reelection at least fifteen are facing serious fights and real trouble in their States. The Democrats are practically sure of victory in five of these and the odds favor them in at least five others. It is perfectly clear that they will either control the Senate in the next session or so curtail the Republican majority as to prevent it from functioning.

That is the admitted situation, and any degree of reflection forces the conclusion that politics in this country is an utterly illogical and ridiculous game and the American voter an unreasoning and non-understanding animal, which is of course true.

Here is a minority party so badly beaten in the last presidential election that it did not seem worth while to piece its broken bones together again. In most quarters it was regarded as more or less dead, and no one capable of clear political judgment now believes it can be vitalized sufficiently to put up a formidable fight in the next presidential campaign unless a political miracle occurs. It follows up its dreadful drubbing of eighteen months ago by the most utterly inane, inert exhibition in the present session of Congress given by a minority party in the memory of anyone now living. It has made in House and Senate a remarkable record of lost opportunities, unique and almost incredible. Its leadership is a press-gallery joke. From start to finish through the whole session it has singularly failed not only in achievement of any sort but actually in any effort. For complete inertia it has, as they say in the South, simply taken the rag right off the bush. The abject story of the Democratic surrender, or sell-out, as it is sometimes called, on the taxation bill has been told too often to repeat, but it has been typical of their whole performance—on foreign debts, on farm legislation, on everything else. They have even failed to make a respectable fight on the traditional issue of the tariff. Men like Cordell Hull in the House and Carter Glass in the Senate, who really burn with hatred against the whole high-protection practice and theory, are unable to stir interest or enthusiasm among Democrats in House or Senate for an assault. They could—these Democrats—if they had shown the slightest sign of virility, solidity, or purpose, have had help enough from the Progressives to have got somewhere—at least in the Senate—in a real attack on the tariff wall.

But if they had any of these qualities they concealed them. Without unity, intelligence, or courage, they have blundered and bumped and floundered their way through the session and now without leaders, without an issue or policy or program and with a record too sad to jeer about, are about to enter the campaign. It is impossible for them to ask indorsement of what they have done, because they have done nothing. It is equally impossible for them to ask for power to carry out a party program or policy, because they have none. They have not an issue to their name, not a single principle to cement them together. They are split on prohibition, tariff, taxes, foreign debts, farm and railroad legislation. There isn't a thing in the world holding the party together save the label.

Yet in the face of all this their power in Congress will be greatly increased after November, and they will probably control the Senate in the middle of the term of a Republican President elected by seven million majority and riding on a tide of prosperity-made popularity unprecedented in history. Can you beat it?

Of course the answer is the curious inconsistency with which the people vote in presidential years as compared with off years. In the one they think and vote in terms of national politics; in the other they think and vote in terms of State politics. In the first, party lines are disregarded by Democrats; in the off years, they hold. All over the country there are many thousands of men who regularly vote for every Democratic candidate except for President. Every practical political leader recognizes the existence of this class. Since the war the number has vastly increased, due to the extraordinary success of the Republican Party in solidifying the business interests back of its candidates and selling the idea that prosperity would be destroyed should a Republican President be defeated.

Whatever the merit of this, it has certainly been put over in grand style. It is the primary reason for the amazing number of men in normally Democratic States who

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believe any Republican President, however commonplace, "better for business" than any Democrat, however superior in caliber and character. Another reason is that in off years State and local issues are far more interesting and vital than national issues. In off years candidates for House and Senate are of secondary importance. The "local ticket" is the vital thing. There is, further, the desire of the Democrats above mentioned to reestablish their Democracy by voting the Democratic ticket and even contributing to the local campaign.

There are probably other reasons for the illogical but undoubted fact that the Democrats this fall are likely to gain ascendancy in at least one branch of Congress. It is the more amazing when it is considered that at this session the Democratic leadership abandoned the natural course of making its party the liberal party and concentrated upon a silly effort to edge into the conservative field, which is, always was, and always will be preempted by the Republicans.

They haven't any right to be formidable in the coming elections—but that does not alter the fact they will be.

Buck and Wing and Bill Robinson

By MARY AUSTIN

FOR himself Bill Robinson says it does not so much matter that he has reached a point in vaudeville success at which no other performer wishes to come after him on the program. The important thing is that when he is gone people will remember him solely for the quality of his buck-and-wing dancing. He is proud of being able with the tappings of his feet to produce and coordinate more distinct simultaneous rhythms than any other American dancer. And by the postures of his lithe dark body and the motions of his slender cane so punctuate and amplify this rhythmic patter as to restore, for his audience, the primal freshness of their own lost rhythmic powers. It is only by the sincere unconsciousness of his genius that he is able to attain that perfection of stage performance, in which his audience is made happily to participate. For Bill Robinson does not know intellectually that the capacity for rhythmic coordination is the fundament, not only of art but of all human achievement.

Robinson is intelligent about his audience to the extent of having his own pleasure and competence in his dancing enhanced by theirs, and by that delicate concealment of effort—the *noblesse* of the aristocracy of art—by which the audience is left intact in its privilege of enjoyment. Those swift vanishings from the stage to wipe away the sweat of muscles constrained to their uttermost, and bright returns, having all the intriguing quality of bird flight, are as carefully studied as the lifting and placing of the cane are faithfully rehearsed. But they are all done after the fashion of true genius, which senses its effects rather than rationalizes them.

What Bill Robinson does not know is that, by the engagement of our appreciation of rhythm and space, he is releasing his audience into one of the most pleasurable of its ancestral passages—the long passage music has made from the orchestration of rhythms as illustrated in the primitive play of drum and rattle and knee-and-arm ornaments and wreaths of clashing shells to the orchestration of tones in a symphony concert. One has to be slightly tone deaf or a superior mathematician to realize how much the appreciation of spatial relations has to do with our enjoyment of musical harmony. It is safe to say that Bill Robinson's audience knows no more than Bill of what, without any diminution of frank pleasure, is going on before its eyes. It probably does not realize in any formal way that he is offering them the great desideratum of modern art, a clean, short cut to areas of enjoyment long closed to us by the accumulated rubbish of the cultural route. For Bill Robinson not only restores us to our primal rhythmic appreciations; he himself reaches the sources of his rhythmic inspiration by paths that the modern American artist would give one of his eyes—the eye filmed and colored by five thousand years of absorbed culture—to feel beneath his feet.

Quite simply Robinson admits that his ideas for his particular rendition of buck and wing come to him in dreams, as inspiration has always come to tribal man. "I dream," he said, "that I am dancing before some important person in some foreign country, and I remember what I dream and work it out for the stage." In this fashion he brought forth the most taking of his performances, that of doing a buck and wing up and down a flight of steps that, with the floor as a starting-point, make the interval of the primitive musical scale. Of this I am convinced he is utterly unconscious. Robinson was born in Carolina to the use of our Europeanly derived diatonic, and finds in Rubinstein's "Melody in F" the satisfying tonal background for his wing-footed pattering up and down the hollow sounding stair. "I dreamed," he said, "that I was dancing up the stairs to the king, and I said to my wife, by golly, I think I can do that on the stage."

And in all this there is apparently not a shadow of realization that among his African ancestry, from whom he derived his skill at it, the buck and wing was a dance for the increase of spiritual power. By it, and its cogeners, tribal man filled himself with the mysterious *wokonda*, primary essence, earth-medicine, by which he approached to and partook of the deific qualities—healing, prophecy, and protection. Something of that psychic release to which the personally orchestrated use of rhythm anciently raised them is distinctly felt in the response of any American audience to the buck and wing of Bill Robinson.

One suspects, too, a dawning appreciation on the part of such audiences that in such release and return lies the chief gift of the Negro to contemporary art. In the very ease and freshness of his resort to rhythmic sources, his exemption from the critical oddments of the long European fumble toward cultural expression, he provides a point of departure for new adventures. One sees at least music and the dance feeling their way toward such release with the prescience of a taproot underground to the hidden sources of refreshment.

In the Driftway

FOR him who plans a jaunt into Brittany this summer—and there are many such—the Drifter has certain travel notes of his own to offer. First, let the lucky traveler choose for his entry a Sunday—and a day of mists. Then he will feel at the outset the true spirit of that strange little province where a black undergrowth of superstition blows a quaint and lovely flower of ancient custom and white lace caps. It was on such a day that the Drifter

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himself first journeyed into Brittany. Thatched villages emerged but dimly from the soft white breath of the sea to vanish quickly again into obscurity. Only the rumbling of the train and its impudent whistle broke the white spell of silence. Sunday had emptied the neat fields of peasants, and though the cocks of fresh-cut hay or an occasional lone hay-rack under a sheltering tree reminded him that man had once been there, it seemed doubtful that he would ever come again. For the sea had completely taken the land. When he arrived at Quimperlé near the southern coast, in late afternoon, the sea had withdrawn its tyranny, the mists had cleared, and in the square in front of the station the low rays of the sun fell upon a colorful scene—the peasant women in tight-bodiced, full-skirted black dresses, adorned with white caps and aprons; the men in wide, black-streamered hats, bright waistcoats, and dark velvet jackets. The town wore a look of having been freshly scrubbed; and the clear air resounded with the clumping of wooden shoes, the explosive chatter of French voices, and the shouts of children released from the bondage of a day indoors. But the sunshine of Brittany has a temporary quality, as if the lightest of the breezes which haunt it always might carry it off in a cloud of mist to some deep ocean cave.

* * * * *

AND now let the traveler set himself down among the sea towns to watch the fishermen who are the true habitants of Brittany. There is a tiny town set among the sand hills along the southern coast where the Drifter spent two strange weeks. Below it are spread three golden beaches separated by wild black rocks which the Atlantic is forever pounding. Here one may spend long sunny afternoons playing an exciting game with the breakers; climbing over the rocks to hunt for strange animals in the pools left by the receding tides; knowing the whole depth and mystery of oceans in the pungent smell of the deep-sea weed that drifts in on the highest waves. And always far out are the sails of the little fishing boats forever tossing, sensitive to every swell and recession of the sea, gathering the silver sardines that fleck the blue depths of the Bay of Biscay. If one follows the path along the cliffs for several miles, the sails grow more and more numerous until one finds their source in a deep inlet bordered by the fishing village of Doelan. There toward evening the fish-wives gather to bicker for the day's catch while fishermen in blue smocks replace red or brown sails with filmy blue nets hung up to dry in the wind that is always blowing in from the sea. In Doelan life is lived in relation to the sea. The village has not changed its customs or its appearance within man's memory. Each summer the village priest goes out beyond the breakwater to perform his "benediction de la mer," to propitiate the sea that has swallowed so many bright-sailed fishing boats, and the girls and boys who go with him wear costumes exactly like those their ancestors wore a hundred years ago. Why should they change? The sea has not changed—nor the wind that rumples the blue water of their inlet. Even in the forest of Carnoët, five miles from the coast, where quiet lies among the trunks of the tall pines and the brightest sunlight filters but dimly through its cool green roof, he will feel the brooding spirit of the sea in the slight breeze, hardly noticeable in open country, that fills this silent place with the whispering of pine needles.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Regard to Coal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I can only think that Homer nodded when you wrote your first paragraph in the issue of April 14 in praise of Meyer Jacobstein and his coal bill. What is the matter with Senator Wheeler's bill which you have not mentioned?

The facts are these: H. S. Raushenbush, secretary of the Committee on Coal and Giant Power, during the coal strike took to Washington a very carefully worked-out plan for the nationalization and democratic administration of anthracite. It was understood that Senator Wheeler and Mr. Jacobstein would make a revision of this bill in the light of their own study and present it in similar form in both houses. The strike ended before the bill was presented. Senator Wheeler went ahead and presented the bill, making it applicable in the next emergency which he defined as broadly as possible. (Personally I wish he had made it a bill for immediate nationalization, but he thought the other plan better constitutionally and otherwise.) Mr. Jacobstein changed his mind and presented a different bill.

Now, the important difference in the bills is this: Senator Wheeler for the first time has introduced a bill not merely giving the President power to take over coal mines in an emergency; he has actually drawn up a plan for acquiring and administering the mines. Grant that it has no chance of passing this Congress—neither has Mr. Jacobstein's alternative. Nevertheless it gives a positive basis for educational discussion. Mr. Jacobstein's bill, whether he so intends it or not, is precisely the sort of political measure that is so often introduced by a man who wants to get a progressive name but really intends to pass the buck. The President in an emergency is to do everything without instruction or plan agreed to in advance. No principle is laid down as to compensation of mine owners, working conditions, or plan of administration. The bill is not educational and gives power that any President might hesitate to use.

Only at two points is there anything to be said for Mr. Jacobstein's bill: (1) It sets up a fact-finding bureau and certain machinery for settling disputes; (2) it applies to bituminous as well as anthracite mines. The first point is inconsistent with the demand for effective nationalization and might better be put in another bill. As to the second point, it might be easier to begin with anthracite rather than the whole industry. The imminence of trouble in the soft-coal field is, however, an argument for extending Senator Wheeler's bill to them.

It is not yet too late for some consolidation of these two bills for educational purposes. Meanwhile, surely it is the business of *The Nation* not to pass over in silence the only bill proposing a plan for nationalization in favor of so indefinite a measure as Mr. Jacobstein has introduced.

New York, April 13 NORMAN THOMAS

The "Hope of China"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is now half an hour since I have read in *The Nation* Mr. Gannett's letter from Canton. My blood is still warm with gratitude for the publication of the same and with enthusiasm for Mr. Gannett's prophecy, the "hope of China."

Friends of China in this country are suffering too much from the lack of authentic information about China, especially about Canton, which Mr. Gannett calls the "hope of China." The other day a professor of European history in the University of Nebraska, having assured me that he was sympathetic toward China, told me frankly that what is going on now in China is just in the opposite direction of her salvation. I said: "There is growing in Canton a new force, which I believe will eventually lift China out of the seas of misery." "Why," he said in

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much surprise, "I haven't read a thing about it!" I wish that *The Nation*, with its fearless and righteous spirit, would from now on publish more information concerning developments at Canton.

Borodin's criticism that "every bandit who turns into a militarist can hire enough returned students to equip a government" is, unfortunately, only too true! I want to go to the tombs of our ancient sages and weep, asking them whether they ever dreamed that their unworthy descendants would cast into the dirt the very foundation of Chinese civilization, the moral integrity which they for centuries and millenniums have been building up! I trust that all my fellow-Chinese students in this country have read carefully Borodin's words and have reflected seriously with an appeal to their consciences what they are going to *be* on their return to China.

In regard to Chang Kai-sheh, of whom Mr. Gannett speaks favorably, may I add that he has as noble a personality as had the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and is in many ways more capable. If Chang Kai-sheh does not die in five years, one may not be surprised to see him lead China to a safe and prosperous road.

Lincoln, Nebraska, April 8 KWEI CHEN

Karolyi in America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read a damnable article by Count Karolyi in the English magazine called *Foreign Affairs*. What good does it do for Secretary of State Kellogg to keep Count Karolyi silent while in this country if he is going to be vocal in magazines freely imported into this country? I hope your next issue will strongly advocate the idea that no foreign magazine can speak in this country except with Mr. Kellogg's visa and approval.

Washington, April 8 WILLIAM HARD

P. S. I dare not say what was in Karolyi's article. It was awful.

Race Segregation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the race-segregation ordinance adopted by the City Council of Indianapolis recently, will you permit me to say a few words of protest anent an editorial paragraph in your issue of March 31?

The question is not really one of civil rights but rather a social condition which is becoming a serious one, and it is just as well that the issue should be made north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers, where what it means is now being realized. Our distinguished fellow-citizen Mr. Moorfield Storey and many others of his way of thinking have the idea that the Negro is being discriminated against by such ordinances as this one. In Northern cities, where the Negroes represent a very small proportion of the population, it is probably hard to understand what this problem means in the South, where in many of our cities the Negro population is frequently as much as one-third of the whole. This particular ordinance forbids white people to live in the zone set aside for the Negroes, and per contra seeks to forbid encroachment by Negroes in the white zone. This makes for a satisfactory *modus vivendi* to which it seems to me no reasonable objection can be found. To the upper classes of white people the problem is not a serious one because the instances are rare where Negroes acquire property by purchase or lease in neighborhoods where well-to-do people reside, but in the poorer sections the case is different.

If white and Negro children mingle and grow up together, race differences mean nothing. This condition makes for a mongrel breed, surely not to be desired from any standpoint. The Negro should be as anxious to preserve the purity of his race as the white man. No right-thinking Negro can believe that he has anything to gain otherwise. Self-respect should be paramount in either case, and if you are a real friend of the Negro you will cease to advocate the intermingling of the races.

New Orleans, April 2 WILLIAM M. RAILEY

The Farmer's Plight

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with great interest the article The Plight of the Farmer by Senator Brookhart in your issue of April 7, and I am glad you said in a footnote that *The Nation* and many others were fighting consistently to remove artificial barriers.

Senator Brookhart has done and is doing splendid work, but we feel that he is in error in his statement: "The farmers are entitled to a system of laws that will raise agriculture to the same artificial level as all these other great industries." That is the worst sort of advice to give farmers, and they should realize that no Congress which maintains an artificial level for any other great industry will attempt to jack up agriculture to the same artificial level because privilege cannot be passed around to all the citizens of any country, not even with such financial imperialism as we have developed.

The progressive farmer is demanding a reduction of tariffs on manufactured necessities of life rather than new laws which give them tariffs but no protection. Of course, the present Congress will not enact any legislation of importance for agriculture. The selling price of farm lands in the United States fell from $54,829,000,000 in 1917 to $37,779,000,000 in 1925, a reduction of $17,050,000,000, or approximately 31 per cent. The selling price of farm lands is altogether too high now in many sections, and tariffs on farm products tend to inflate the selling price of farm lands again.

No makeshift policy or measure of legislation will help agriculture in its present condition, and the attention of farmers should be directed to removing special privileges instead of trying to get new ones for farmers.

Washington, April 8 BENJAMIN MARSH,
Executive Secretary, Peoples' Reconstruction League

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON is the author and illustrator of "Tolerance."

FREDA KIRCHWEY is managing editor of *The Nation* and has spent several days with the textile strikers in New Jersey.

H. C. ENGELBRECHT was formerly instructor in history at the University of Chicago.

MORRIS L. ERNST is a New York attorney who represented the American Civil Liberties Union recently in the hearing on the radio censorship before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce.

FRANK R. KENT is vice-president of the *Baltimore Sun*.

MARY AUSTIN is the author of "The American Rhythm" and many other volumes.

HARRY F. WARD, of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, returned recently from China.

WALTER WHITE is assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. His latest novel is "Flight."

W. NORMAN BROWN is chairman of the American Oriental Society.

ALLEN TATE is a poet and essayist living in New York.

LIONEL G. SHORT is a British journalist at present in New York.

MICHAEL GOLD is one of the editors of the *New Masses*.

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Books, Art, Plays

First Glance

"THE Pageant of America: A Pictorial History of the United States" (Yale University Press: 15 vols.: $67.50), edited by Ralph Henry Gabriel and a distinguished staff of associates, speaks in pictures of the visible changes which have come over the North American continent since the first white men came from the East, and even—if a certain introductory section be considered—since the first red men came from the Northwest. As projected and as so far published it promises to become the richest of available documents illuminating for the layman's eye that American past concerning which he grows more intelligently curious every year.

The first and third volumes, already come to hand, reveal the method of the work as a whole and make it clear that the audience kept in mind by the editors was a wide one—so wide indeed as to take in historians at the one end and children at the other. No human being, I am sure, can have seen all of these pictures before, and no human being can fail to find most of them interesting. As a description of the first volume, "Adventures in the Wilderness," will show, the pictures derive from a vast variety of sources; and it should be remarked that together with the competent captions which accompany them they constitute the entire body of the work—there being no "text" as such. After a brief but expert statement by Mr. Gabriel concerning the ground which is to be covered in this volume come sections, edited and introduced respectively by Clark Wissler, Constance Lindsay Skinner, and William Wood, dealing with the American Indian, with the first explorers and the later settlers of the Thirteen Colonies and the West Indies, and with the struggle in the forests of Canada and the Middle West between Britain and France. The illustrations, which average perhaps three to a page, run all the way from obscure woodcuts dug out of old treatises and travel books, or maps reproduced from sixteenth-century atlases, to twentieth-century photographs, museum exhibits, magazine drawings, mural decorations in State capitols and public libraries, and paintings by Frederic Remington, Edwin Blashfield, Winslow Homer, or another. The three last-named classes are the most questionable, I think, though naturally the individual works involved vary greatly in usefulness. The editors, realizing this, furnish notes at the end of the volume defining the degree of "accuracy" achieved in each case; but scholars will not think it worth while to refer to these, and I suppose children will never learn of their existence. One cannot quarrel with the editor who chose George Boughton's painting called Pilgrims Going to Church, since everybody has seen it and been in one way or another influenced by it; in general, however, I prefer what I find here from Carl Bodmer, George Catlin, John White, or even Theodore de Bry—artists more or less contemporary with the scenes and persons they drew. I was struck by the absence, incidentally, of any piece from the hand of Joshua Shaw, surely one of the most subtle of early or late American draughtsmen.

The third volume, called "Toilers by Land and Sea," is substantially an account of American agriculture. We begin on a medieval English manor among medieval horses and plows and end up on an Iowa farm among great sloping barns and in the hearing of complicated machinery. The experience is hardly one to be forgotten; and in this particular kind of contribution, I suspect, will the "Pageant" chiefly excel. For I note that volumes are to come on American commerce, industry, letters, art, architecture, drama, and sports. Then there will be one volume devoted to the frontier, two to our wars, two to our politicians, and one to our "idealism." I await the last with some trepidation, and somewhat at a loss for an image. If I feel at all secure, it is because I have been entertained and informed by these other two volumes as seldom before in my life as a reader or as a porer over pictures.

MARK VAN DOREN

Concerning China

Occidental Interpretations of the Far Eastern Problem. By H. G. W. Woodhead, H. K. Norton, and Julian Arnold. University of Chicago Press. $2.

Oriental Interpretations of the Far Eastern Problem. By Count Soyeshima and Dr. P. W. Kuo. University of Chicago Press. $3.

China and the West. A Sketch of Their Intercourse. By W. E. Soothill. Oxford University Press. $3.

Why China Sees Red. By Putnam Weale. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

American Relations with China. Report of the Conference Held at Johns Hopkins University, September 17-20, 1925. The Johns Hopkins Press.

HERE is a mixture of history, journalism, and propaganda concerning China, offered to that small section of our reading public which wants to understand the place and meaning of China in the world drama. How is the inquiring reader—if he still survives—to know where the history ends and the propaganda begins, where the journalism is fact and where it is gossip? Knowing the Orient even less than we know Europe, how are we to prevent the illusions and deceptions which captured and directed us during the late war from repeating their disastrous work in the greater conflict now gathering in the Orient?

Some of the materials for an intelligent judgment concerning American policy in China are here. The determining facts of Chinese foreign relations in the past can be gathered from any of these volumes. The complete record is set down in briefest compass by Professor Soothill in the best British university manner. In the other volumes the main features of the Chinese internal situation are set forth with different shadings, most objectively in the papers, and with most variety in the discussions, of the Johns Hopkins Conference.

The reader, however, does not get an adequate picture of the present problem even if he gives his time to all of these books. This is not merely because we are too close to the event. One does not expect Mr. Woodhead or Mr. Weale, members of the British Colony in China, to give a complete account or a full interpretation of recent events. The conveners of the Johns Hopkins Conference and the University of Chicago Committee that arranged the lectures printed in the first two volumes resorted to the method of presenting differing points of view—and their record, too, is incomplete. Everywhere Russia is portrayed as the evil genius—yet no one presents her case. This is also true for the left wing of the Chinese nationalists, which is more or less communistic. Here is a revolutionary situation which needs to be understood, yet the revolutionists may not explain it or themselves to us. We get their story only at second hand and mostly from their enemies. It is the same thing at Williamstown Institutes and at Foreign Policy dinners;

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and the fact is not creditable to the American intellectual.

Seeing, then, that we are looking at partial and partisan interpretations of the Far East, let it be recorded that the description by the Orientals is more objective than that by the Occidentals—perhaps because the East is used to being down and the West has been on top too long to see clearly when its hold is slipping. Mr. Woodhead's account of the Shanghai shootings is as near the truth as Mitchell Palmer's report of our own Red raids and the Buford deportation. Mr. Weale represents a more reasonable British point of view—hard-headed, based on the realities of a trade empire, yet seeking to be just. Nevertheless, he betrays the prejudices that he disavows and seeks to avoid. Sun Yat-sen, the Canton Government, Feng the Christian General—he does not slander them as Mr. Woodhead does, but for him there is no good thing in them. Then the American missionaries! Some of them are responsible for the Chinese students getting out of hand because of the lack of discipline in their education. Finally the root of the trouble is in the Republic, and it goes down to more than the unreadiness of the country for that experiment—in which there is some truth.

And the remedy? Deport the trouble-makers—both Bolsheviks and missionaries. Revive the strong hand of Palmerston and Pitt. A small force could do it. Another Jameson raid before the world could be aware. Dreams? Of course; not practical politics! Then let Hongkong send ships north and get Chang's men, who will gladly go down and rid the British of the menace of Red Canton. Hostility to "foreign rights"? Largely a fiction, worked up by a corrupt press and by politicians evading internal difficulties. But Britain must seek "friendly and chivalrous cooperation" with China. Underneath this queer mixture of insight and blindness, of fairness and prejudice, there appear the basic principles of the divine right of trade and the necessity of force; with always the faint, quite gentlemanly touch of superiority. And this man, with this viewpoint—Lenox Simpson is his real name—is announced as foreign adviser to the Chinese Government. It is now a meaningless decoration, for the Chinese Minister here refused to receive him at the time of the Washington Conference; but the fact that it ever could have been is a revelation. This fact and all the implications of its dual loyalties, if indeed there ever were two, throws more light on the question why China sees red than anything written in the book. And if I were Chinese, I should see redder after reading Mr. Weale's extremely interesting volume.

Manifestly there is fear behind these British voices from China, fear of Russia as a menace, of Japan as an uncertain and dangerous force. Both of them are seen as plotting the undoing of the British Empire. Its beneficiaries and worshipers would appreciate our help, but they do not like our somewhat spotted yet dangerous altruism. Why can't we be realistic and play the game that Manila Bay made inevitable? They are quite right in objecting to our pharisaism. The record set forth by Messrs. Weale and Soothill—how we opened up Korea and made war inevitable between China and Japan and then between Japan and Russia, how we finally broke our pledged word regarding Korean dependence, how we participated in the opium trade—ought to be enough to pierce our complacent self-righteousness. The Opium War is a sore point with these British writers. It was no more about opium than the War of Independence was about tea, they tell us. It was really over the question of acknowledging vassalage to the Chinese Emperor. The historically minded Mr. Soothill tries to be fair. He admits the blame of Britain, but, after all, the Chinese were mostly responsible. Some of us at least understand why our sanctimonious altruism irritates our British brethren; but if they will remember where we got it they may presently understand that their adoration of the empire, their worshipful insistence upon its sinless beneficence bores us as much as our international Rotarianism pricks them.

Will either of us understand in time the effect upon the Chinese of both these attitudes and of the policies of trade and investment which they rationalize and sanctify? Mr. Soothill tells us that at the end of the mess which the East India Company got Britain into in China the British Government decided not to let its foreign policy be dominated by traders. There is today a struggle at that point. The discussion at the Baltimore Conference shows a similar divergence between two different attitudes and purposes with reference to China. Which way do we go? Have we enough intelligence and courage to decide? Or do we drift and drift while forces now controllable develop irresistible might and sweep us out to uncharted depths where terrible destiny impends?

HARRY F. WARD

More Negro Songs

The Negro and His Songs. By Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. University of North Carolina Press. $3.

On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs. By Dorothy Scarborough. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

AMONG my earliest conscious recollections of Georgia is the memory of the wildly sweet spirituals sung there in Negro churches, or the exotic, weirdly fascinating music from the throats of black convicts repairing the Belgian block pavement in front of my father's house. Not so many years ago this folk music was threatened with extinction by the race which gave it to the world. Struggling for survival against great odds, some Negroes felt ashamed of their music because it had grown out of their oppression. Now, however, Roland Hayes and Paul Robeson and other Negro artists—beginning with the Fisk Jubilee Singers nearly a half century ago—have earned for the songs the recognition which they deserve.

There is reason for congratulation in the fact that both white and colored writers, many of them expert folklorists, have sought to record and preserve this music. Messrs. Odum and Johnson and Miss Scarborough here present two valuable additions to the record. All three writers have approached their subject with sympathy, diligence, and a very genuine love for the music itself. There is practically none of the condescension which often handicaps such efforts. Miss Scarborough, through justifiably shameless eaves-dropping in Negro churches and at camp-meetings and baptizings, in kitchens and over back fences, has gathered songs rich in ecstasy and religious fervor, as well as secular songs from the road camps and fields, even from those great sources of music sneered at by the Methodists—bawdy houses and gambling dens. Her account is anecdotal and breezy; obviously, as she alleges, she did have a good time running to earth elusive bits of song.

Miss Scarborough, however, falls into certain errors caused not so much by lack of sympathy or diligence as by the fact that she is white and that certain barriers prevented her from knowing fully the background of the Negro mind from which spring these songs. She has none of the cocksureness of the professional Southerner; she is genuinely sympathetic; and she has had an extraordinary contact with her material. Yet almost any Negro of intelligence could have saved her some of her errors through his almost instinctive knowledge of the things which are Negro and those which are part Negro and part white. In a number of cases she gives verses each one of which is from an entirely different version of the song. In other cases she gives credit for wholly Negro songs to Scotch, Irish, or English sources. I wish also that she had given us some of the music which she caught with her portable recording phonograph.

Messrs. Odum and Johnson approach their task with much greater objectivity. At the outset they admit frankly that no white person in the South can get to the roots of this music—that white commentators and folklorists can as yet only catch the more obvious and less subtle overtones. They, too, are not inclined to countenance the belief that the Negro is the simple

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soul most Southerners believe him to be. They recognize the subtle, shrewd methods of communication which Negroes, knowing that the spoken thought would have brought sure punishment, utilized in song:

> Nigger and white man playin' seven up,
> Nigger win de money, skeered to pick 'em up.

They have produced a careful and learned work, and there is one quarrel to be picked with them. In a number of cases they misquote very familiar songs—the correct words of which could without great difficulty have been secured. But this may be ungracious.

It is to be hoped that all three of these writers will continue to add to the store of songs already recorded. White writers can be and undoubtedly are of great help in the movement—if only because their recognition of the value of this music may help those Negroes who are as yet inclined to be ashamed of it to recognize it in its true light.

WALTER WHITE

Salvation by England

India. By Sir Valentine Chirol. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THE concluding sentence of Sir Valentine's latest book informs us that ". . . it is in India, if anywhere, that . . . a synthesis must be found—and can hardly be found unless British rule endures—between the East and the West, if an irrevocable clash is to be averted in which neither could escape disaster." From these words may be deduced the chief predispositions that have determined the character of the work. British rule is in general justified, although subjected to criticism in detail; the ungrateful dissatisfaction of India is deplored, although not vituperated. In the back of the author's mind lurks a constant fear that Western civilization may fail in India, be repudiated, be ousted by bolshevism.

Possibly if Sir Valentine were as familiar with the intellectual aspects of India's culture as he is with the sequence of historical events there, with her economic development (barring such frightful blunders as the mention of an increase of population during fifty years from 200,000,000 to 300,000,000), with her administrative system, with her problems of relationship to other parts of the British Empire, and with her internal antipathies, he might not think it so necessary for India's salvation that she accept British culture. That he has no extensive acquaintance with Indian thought is evident from the long series of minor but significant errors that runs through the book. For instance, when discussing Indian religions and philosophies he speaks of "the only possible form of salvation" being "self-annihilation of the individual soul"; he alludes to the nationalist slogan, "Bande materam" (misspelling for mataram), as an "old folk-song," although it is actually derived from a well-known novel; he perpetrates a large number of incorrect and unauthorized forms, not explainable as typographical errors, of which examples are Aryavartha (Aryavarta), Yoghi (Yogi), Baghavatgitha (Bhagavadgita), Ramanada (Ramananda), Prirthana (Prarthana), bandralog (which, if it means anything at all, means "monkey folk"; what he intends is bhadralog, which means "gentle folk"), Amritzar (Amritsar), Shuddi (Shuddhi). The book is marked by a lack of understanding of the achievements of Indian intellect—a lack that has marked many British opinions of the past and is responsible for much of the present misunderstanding. A genuine study of Indian thought might have shown the futility of expecting India to shape herself according to a Western pattern, whether it be English democracy or Russian bolshevism; she will in the end work out her own order as the consequence of her own ancient and noble tradition.

The merit of Sir Valentine's book lies in its clear, unheated presentation of those surface facts that most readily present themselves to an observant stranger. There is a good account of the continual increase in Indian demands for home rule during the past half-century, the resentment at repressive legislation such as the Rowlatt Act and at acts of terrorism such as the Amritsar massacre, the dramatic months of 1921-1922 when the non-cooperation movement was at its height and the British expected a fight to the finish, and the present tactics of the Nationalists under the leadership of the Swarajists. If the account is after all pro-British, we must nevertheless say that we have read none, whether pro-British or pro-Indian, that is more moderate.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Careful Artistry

Words for the Chisel. By Genevieve Taggard. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

MISS TAGGARD is one of four or five women poets who in the last five years have won a dignified popularity, and she is particularly distinguished in having written consistently better than any of them. She is the best craftsman. Her work is intelligently sustained; it is economical; her material emerges in clean, essential outlines. The artistic aim indicated by the title of the present volume would be pretentious if it were not accurately realized. Miss Taggard obviously will not rest until all but the most inoffensive redundancy is eliminated; her devotion to poetry as an art—an integrity much rarer, in spite of our rehabilitation in technique since 1912, than is usually supposed—will not let her write unevenly. Only with excessive zeal could one discover a single failure in her three volumes of poetry. But it is unfortunately true, on the other hand, that she has not yet produced a single perfect utterance. Quality of expression eludes her. Miss Taggard's poems seem to be written in an unconscious appeal to a quality that continually escapes the terms of her vision. One must account, at any rate, for a perplexing repetition of content and of a certain technical excellence which never quite merge in finality. There is no reason why a poet cannot write many completely different, absolutely realized poems about the same emotions; Miss Taggard simply doesn't.

Her short lyric is her best performance, and it retains enough of its historical properties to be called the epigraphic lyric. It began with the Elizabethans. It was perfected by Landor. Among contemporaries Mr. Yeats alone has been able to give it, in a few examples, the absolute quality beyond competence which takes it out of craft into art:

> One had a lovely face,
> And two or three had charm,
> But charm and face were in vain
> Because the mountain grass
> Cannot but keep the form
> Where the mountain hare has lain.

And Miss Taggard:

> We will put Time to sleep on that warm hill.
> Lie naked in the tawny grass and fill
> Our veins with golden bubbles.
> Grass will grow
> Beneath your armpits and between your feet
> Before we take our bodies up, and go
> Like dazzled aliens through the dusty street.

It is impossible to overpraise too highly the deliberate artistry of these lines; it is equally impossible not to observe the extreme adjectival decoration, which makes the precision of imagery and, at the same time, diffusion of emotion; it is impossible not to see their inferiority to the poem by Yeats. The last line of the quotation delimits the emotion rhetorically; it is not its realized finality; and another poem must be sought, both by Miss Taggard and by her reader.

Considering the limited possibilities of Miss Taggard's chosen form, one feels that a single volume could have said

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what is always just missing utterance in three. Miss Taggard rewrites her poems too often; more accurately, she attempts to write her one poem. Mr. Yeats has written only four or five lyrics of the type; his parsimony is significant. Among the innumerable short lyrics of Landor there are certainly not more than ten perfect poems; and Landor—with all respect to Miss Taggard's competence and artistic integrity—was a better poet than she. "Novelty," says a contemporary critic making the singular demand of poetry that it be creative, "is preferable to repetition."

ALLEN TATE

A Page of War History

The Crime at Vanderlynden's. By R. H. Mottram. The Dial Press. $2.50.

NOW that Mr. Mottram has finished his trilogy on the war one hopes that he will write a story which is more than a page of history. His art cannot be denied. He takes a young Englishman caught in the machinery of the war and shows him working steadily and thinking quietly as he moves in and out of the line on the Western front. In so far as young Dormer needs to exist for Mr. Mottram's purpose he does exist. We watch him investigating, but never resolving, the Vanderlynden crime, acting as traffic controller in the uncomfortable neighborhood of big battles, and doing his job neatly and serenely although his thoughts are on that little bank job he had left and to which it is his whole desire to return.

Here is a document which presents a picture of more value to the New York Historical Society than will be found in the 400 volumes of press clippings which they propose to file. The war is simplified as through a sieve in about half the number of pages that they have volumes. To anyone who went through the experience this plain sketch reflects the truth as it filtered through young Dormer's concise personality. But one who knew nothing of the war as a first-hand experience, and who cares little about it now, will be less favorably impressed. There is no clash of character, no conclusion, and although the people and the incidents chosen may have been invented, this does not make the work any less a slice of history.

As such it was a job worth doing, and it is well done. No doubt Mr. Mottram was driven to writing by his observation of those who were drawn into the war and forced by its slow progress to take it as a matter-of-fact experience without heroics. The war is his hero. It caused the Vanderlynden crime, so ingeniously invented, it gave Dormer the chance of proving the value in a crisis of his meticulous disposition, and it enveloped Madelaine, though it failed to shift her peasant solidity. To anyone who knew those years as Dormer knew them the picture is extraordinarily true. Biography or history demands this quality of imagination that can refine away the useless and leave in outline the bare essentials. Mr. Mottram's three volumes earn a worthy place on our historical shelf; they must not be put among our fiction.

LIONEL G. SHORT

Books in Brief

Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody. Selected and edited by Christina Hopkinson Baker. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

A beautiful lady, a fair poet, a delightful human being—these are recorded here. It is not the lady's fault that the New England of the nineties made her as a poet so certain of what the good life was; and her prose style twitters.

My Religion. By Emil G. Hirsch. The Macmillan Company. $5.

This is a collection of sermons by a profound scholar and a great teacher, a leader of thought not only in reformed Judaism but in the life of the whole community. In ethics, both social and individual, and in philosophy Dr. Hirsch expresses conclusions in general similar to those of Christian modernists. But the latter reinterpret primarily the Christian tradition, and Dr. Hirsch, of course, the Jewish. The resultant differences are not only interesting in themselves but raise pertinent questions as to which of the two religions is better adapted to modernist handling. This reviewer suspects that if logic had more to do with these matters and sentiment less, we should have a modernist united front which would be neither Jewish nor Christian. Regardless, however, of such speculations, Dr. Hirsch's sermons are good reading for Jew or Christian.

Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Readable but slight recollections and stories of a few famous editors and public men by a veteran journalist and office-holder. The best studies are those of Edwin L. Godkin, first editor of *The Nation,* Horace Greeley, Theodore Roosevelt, and George W. Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal; all of these are estimates worth recording.

Academy Papers. Addresses on Language Problems by Members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

Taken as a whole these addresses justify the worst that scoffers have ever said about the American Academy. The academicians as they here exhibit themselves are not merely dull, complacent, pompous; they are ludicrously ignorant of the subject they presume to discuss and rancorous toward "the younger writers" and even toward such scholars as Lounsbury and Jespersen. To this the shrewd and urbane paper by Mr. Brander Matthews is a noteworthy exception.

Democracy and Representation. By William Seal Carpenter. Princeton University Press. $1.50.

The author discusses the principle of representation in America as enunciated by the Fathers and as later modified. He believes, however, that the theory of the Fathers has been subsequently only slightly altered. The American theory of representation, the author finds, is the rule of numbers. The Senate, however, violates that principle; hence a new second chamber should be established whose members will represent numbers, but be apportioned among the six geographical divisions of the United States.

Women. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

Upon the slightest of incidents Mr. Tarkington builds his firm and whimsical art. He walks close to life, watches it keenly, writes of it almost photographically; he understands the true torture of little tragedies, elevates to a poignant significance the real anguish, however brief, of wall-flowers, of lovelorn children, of distracted parents. "Women" is a collection of short stories concerning mothers and daughters in a fashionable suburb. It is invariably diverting; and it is often wise.

Experiments. By Norman Douglas. Robert M. McBride Company. $2.50.

The only really tentative things in "Experiments" are five short stories. For this form Mr. Douglas betrays no talent; readers of "South Wind" know that his fictional gifts (exquisite but not diverse) bud and flower almost solely in the caressive atmosphere of refined and leisurely conversation. The most solid value inheres in two longish critical essays, one dealing with Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," the other with Intellectual Nomadism. Both give Mr. Douglas an opportunity for some keen generalizing on national characteristics, which in its freshness and detachment rivals the cosmopolitan wisdom of Paul Morand.

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The Healing Gods of Ancient Civilizations. By Walter Addison Jayne. Yale University Press. $5.

Dr. Jayne avoids the physical therapy of the ancients and confines himself to their magical and religious procedures. His book shows an extremely extensive study of the sources and authorities, and is fortified by elaborate bibliographies. There are long lists of gods, with accounts of their peculiar powers and functions. The peoples dealt with are the Egyptians, Babylonians, and Assyrians, Phoenicians, ancient Aryans, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Celts. It is not a book for voluptuous reading, but there is in it a great deal of oblique light upon some of the healing cults of our own time.

Mockery Gap. By T. F. Powys. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This novel is a definite symptom of exhaustion. Mr. Powys's closed Dorsetshire universe is now familiar to us; and like all closed universes it is a source of inevitable dissatisfaction. The author here pays the penalty of a temperament which is as narrow as it is intense—he has run out of characters. He may shortly run out of readers also. Even the most rapturous of his admirers (and they are now many) would welcome a new gesture from their cryptic hero.

The Surry Family. By Helen R. Hull. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A mean, meager, clinging home, spiteful words, weak wills —of such pitifully everyday material Miss Hull makes a gnawing and hopeless tragedy. With meticulous care she bares the frustrations of lives wound up in a heritage of narrowness and indecision.

Wives. By Gamaliel Bradford. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

Of late years the indefatigable Mr. Bradford has erred several times by portraying the souls of over-written heroes and rogues about whom he had little of worth to say; but here he applies his very respectable artistry to ladies who, save for Dolly Madison and Theodosia Burr, are relatively unknown. One notes with pleasure that the seven more or less godly dames whose bonnets and crinolines flutter through 270 pages are made genuinely human—Mrs. Abraham Lincoln most human of all, perhaps. In dealing with men Mr. Bradford has been terribly concerned with their souls—is it possible he believes that women's souls are of less account than their frivolities, their chitchat, and even their mild oaths? At all events this volume is quite the best, in warmth, in variety of treatment, and in stylistic excellence, that has come from his tireless pen.

Youth and the East. By Edmund Candler. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

A Cambridge dilettante with a "nomadic soul" went to India about thirty-five years ago and, as teacher and war correspondent, had adventures which he here describes in mildly plaintive yet imperturbable prose. Inclined to be sentimental about books and silly about bolshevism and immortality, on all other topics he is notably cosmopolitan and urbane. Best of all, he is too wise to attempt to pen a straightforward narrative of his life, for he knows that life perpetually doubles on its tracks. A charmingly incomplete and tantalizing autobiography.

Art

Hugo Gellert

HUGO GELLERT has always maintained a devoted fraternal contact with the working-class, its life and its problems. The average artist shudders at such a contact. He insists in his banal way that the factory is the enemy of the studio. He accepts, with his patrons the idle rich, the belief that art must be refined and pure, aloof from sweaty proletarian life, aloof from power, order, dynamics, and daily struggle. Art is something to be hung on the wall of a rich man's dining-room. Hugo Gellert has committed every sin against this creed of the minor aesthetes. And he has not been hurt. On the contrary, he is finding his salvation through the workers' world.

He began as a naive peasant decorator, loving with simple directness the gay, sparkling values of the peasant or the child on holiday. Life was a divine toy, and the young artist played with goats and primitive Greek maidens and tiny Christmas-box houses and meadows filled with bold wonderful flowers. There was a charm about that world; it was as golden and archaic as a child's thoughts; the sunlight of a thousand years of peasant art lay over the work of the young Gellert.

But then he found himself on the *Masses*, and he plunged bodily into the socialist world. Modern life forced itself upon him as it may upon all of us—crude, terrible, and overpowering. He did not run away, nor did he attempt the folly of clinging desperately to his own lovely childhood. He grew. The human race has matured between feudalism and modern industrialism; the engineer and the revolutionary worker are more dramatic and hopeful figures than were the robber baron and the mujik. Artists must grow, too, into something more mature and universal, and Gellert was strong enough to develop from a peasant decorator into a modern constructivist painter, one who finds that his problems are not much different from those of the bridge-builder or the Communist organizer.

In his current exhibition at the Neuman Galleries he offers his recent experiments in the materials of the new age. There are a series of portrait drawings done for the New York *Sunday World*, some paintings, and a few sketches of Pittsburgh steel mills done for *The Nation*. All are marked with the new industrialized mind, that mind analyzed so keenly by Karl Marx, Thorstein Veblen, and others. The anarchic spontaneity of the savage gives way to the precision, economy, order, and vast deliberate planning of the new man. In his portraits Gellert scorns as much to make a waste motion as would an efficiency engineer. He scorns the pretty and picturesque, and builds his forms with the passion for truth of an architect. He reaches toward the concrete. Some of his portraits look as if they were hammered out of rock; others are wrought in metal, or constructed of steel and glass.

Gellert's painting of a cloak-presser has a monumental quality. It ought to hang in the meeting-hall of one of our large clothing workers' unions; it is strong enough to meet this test. There is an oil portrait of a Negro, too, that might have been the effort of a gifted coal-miner, so free is it of aesthetic bunk. Gellert's sketches of the Pittsburgh steel mill where he worked one summer are immensely promising. Perhaps they are a little too like the jeweler's precise patterns, and not enough imbued with the dynamics of steel-making; but these sketches will never be mistaken for the work of a child or a peasant. They are done by a man living in America, 1926.

Old-fashioned artists find work like Gellert's a blasphemy. They say that "machine-worship" is merely a passing cult, like impressionism. But the machine is the biggest fact in the world today, and no one daring to ignore it can hope to remain fruitful. As if, too, the machine-minded artists were inferior to the older experimenters! In the hard, precise experiments of such men as Hugo Gellert, Louis Lozowick, Joseph Stella, and others there is the cosmic intoxication of the astronomer, the joy of the mathematician, the delight of the explorer stumbling on new and dangerous worlds. This is a new song—the song of a young giant—and old ears find it harsh and discordant. But it is the song of the wonderful future, and the day fast approaches when humanity will find it harmonious. Gellert is working in the main stream of human history.

MICHAEL GOLD

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Drama

Weak Women

MISS MADGE KENNEDY'S particular—and admirable—talent is for the impersonation of those young ladies who are called nothing worse than sly minxes because, after all, only one kind of honor is required of the female of the species. She is at her best when she is playing the part of a weak woman before whom strong men are helpless; the facile lie, followed upon its detection by the sob which says "Now be hard upon me if you dare," is her stock in trade; and she is aware of her strength. In the exercise of the tyranny of tears she is a master and she knows, too, how to practice that most profound of frauds which consists in appearing ingenuous in the midst of the most abandoned disingenuousness. Men tear their hair and know that she is cheating, but in cases like this knowledge is not power. The weakness of the male in the presence of a pretty face, reinforced by the fact that women are not really responsible for anything except the preservation of their technical virtue, can be counted on to produce forgiveness; and only female friends, less adept than she in the art of knowing when to seem helpless, are indignant.

Such was her role in an earlier play of the season and such it is in the highly amusing farce comedy called "Love in a Mist" (Gaiety Theater), in which she appears as a young lady with a penchant for those convenient lies which turn out to be not so very convenient after all. A believer in what the Russian author of "The Chief Thing" would call "a benevolent theatricalization of life," she defends herself on the ground that one might as well make people happy by telling them the pleasantest thing, and since most men fall in love with her, she finds the most kindly (and easy) way of getting rid of the more importunate to be by agreeing upon an engagement. Of course —this being a play—there is one whom she really does love with all her heart, and of course one of the others turns up at the most embarrassing moment. With admirable but reckless fertility of invention she manages to postpone the inevitable *éclaircissement*, and then when it can be postponed no longer comes the inevitable sob which, in spite of the fact that an impressionable Italian has shot himself and a less extravagant American has prepared to explore Asia on her account, brings the inevitable forgiveness.

It is a thoroughly amusing farce written with brightness and speed by Amélie Rives and Gilbert Emery and given sufficient depth of characterization almost to constitute it a comedy. Moreover it is played with unusual deftness not only by Miss Kennedy but by Frieda Innescort, Sidney Blackmer, and Tom Powers as well; and yet I could not help being reminded that my own enjoyment was dependent upon the fact that the famous single standard of morality is hardly established yet and that under the double one women are permitted a rather liberal indulgence in certain directions by virtue of which conduct that would make a man a monster of Machiavellian infamy constitutes in them only a slightly exasperating charm. Only a woman, it is true, can be "fallen"; but, by way of compensation, only a man can be a cad. Their skirts alone have saved the reputations of a long line of ladies famous in literature from Lady Teazle to Diana of the Crossways and the heroine of the present piece, and I should not advise Miss Kennedy to be too ardent a feminist. In a world which took women seriously she might find her occupation gone and Justice less ready to break her sword.

Two interesting revivals remain to be mentioned—"What Every Woman Knows" (Bijou Theater), in which Helen Hayes by the consent of all plays most charmingly, and "Pinafore" (Century Theater)—an almost too gorgeous production with Fay Templeton as a perfect Little Buttercup.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATER

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE, 466 Grand Street Tel. Drydock 7516
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THREE LYRIC DRAMAS
A Burmese Pwe
A Haydn Opera-Bouffe
A Chinese Fantasy

LECTURES

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL, 14th St. 2nd Ave.

Course 11. American Poets. Dr. WILL DURANT. Sun. 5 p. m. Adm. 25c.
Apr. 25: Edgar Allan Poe
May 2: Edgar Allan Poe
May 9: Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell
May 16: Walt Whitman—(1)
May 23: Walt Whitman—(2)
May 30: Walt Whitman—(3)
June 6: Field, Riley, Markham
June 13: Lindsay, Masters, Sandburg
June 20: Robinson, Frost, Untermeyer
June 27: Amy Lowell and the Poetesses

Course 12. A System of Philosophy. Dr. WILL DURANT. Wed. 8:30 p. m. Adm. 25c.
Apr. 28: The Modern Woman
May 5: The Beautiful City
May 12: The Perfect State
May 19: The Evolution of Religion
May 26: The Religion of the Greeks
June 2: The Religion of the Jews
June 9: Is Christianity Practicable
June 16: Immortality
June 23: A Definition of Deity

DINNER

You are respectfully invited to attend

An International Dinner

to be held under the auspices of

THE NATION, UNITY and THE NEW ORIENT

at the Aldine Club, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Thursday evening, April 29th, at 6:30 o'clock.

Guest of honor:
Rev. Dr. J. T. SUNDERLAND,
who will speak on

"INDIA and JAPAN: a Comparison and Contrast"

Toastmaster:
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International Relations Section

Two Appeals for International Decency

LAST July an appeal in behalf of international friendship and fair play toward Germany was launched by M. Victor Margueritte and signed by many distinguished Frenchmen. It was reproduced in *Foreign Affairs* (London) in September, 1925. The text follows:

A mere misunderstanding separates the world from peace. It perpetuates between the former belligerents, and particularly between France and Germany, that war spirit which inevitably arises from the consciousness of injustice leading to the instinct for a war of revenge.

It is only with deep repulsion that German sentiment endures Articles 227 to 230 (Sanctions) and Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, which runs: "The Allied and Associated Governments affirm, and Germany accepts, the responsibility of Germany and her Allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected *as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her Allies.*"

It is not the material fact of reparations which revolts the German nation. She recognizes their necessity. She bows to an arrangement by which the methods of international payment have at last been fixed.

What she cannot accept is that an admission was *forcibly* torn from her against which, *both before and after her signature*, she has never ceased to protest, and in which she believes her unilateral fault in originating the war and her consequent responsibility for it are proclaimed to the world.

France, on the other hand, confines herself to this belief: that aggression took shape in the invasion of Belgium.

A situation pregnant with danger has thus arisen, and it must be cleared up.

To take first the question of principle.

It is impossible to *prejudge* it here. The pleadings in this immense arbitrament which concerns all mankind cannot be heard in all their complex of causes, except after the opening of all the archives and before a super-national court. Let us then, from the beginning, reject this idea.

What remains—official documents prove it—is this: that Article 231 was extorted from Germany only by violence, and under the threat of immediately resuming the war until Germany should be utterly ruined. Can we—after declaring that we waged a war of Law against Force—give the force of Law to a proceeding so unworthy of civilization? The time for summary jurisdiction without appeal has gone by. It is as iniquitous to condemn, undefended, a people to dishonor as an individual to death.

We Frenchmen, solicitous for the honor of our country and believing also that all violation of justice entails future catastrophes, are resolved not to incur the reproach that we ourselves attack the principles of which we make boast.

If, nevertheless, there can be no question of a complete recasting of the treaty which can be the task only of time and the League of Nations, *nor of the readjustment of reparations which were fixed by the London Convention* (August, 1924), it still remains for our good-will to see to it that the Charter of Versailles should no longer oppressively affect the unstable equilibrium in which we find ourselves.

There will be no security in the future unless there is that *moral desarmament* without which there can *never be any material disarmament*. Article 231 must be modified in a sense acceptable to all, and in addition Articles 227 to 230 (Sanctions) must be abrogated, for these articles encourage hatred with its reprisals, and are no less injurious to the definite reestablishment of peace.

We are at the cross-roads. We must choose. On the one hand, all the evils of war, perpetuated by the spirit of revenge. On the other hand, genuine reconciliation and fertile labor.

We invite all those whose home is a place of mourning, all those whose hearts retain the love of justice and truth, all those whose aim in life is to create a world free from war for their sons, to join their prayer to ours.

Let not German nationalism mistake us. This is no proof of weakness. It is an instance of French rectitude, a step toward human solidarity. Goethe's Germany will understand.

In these tragic days, European civilization stakes her all upon the cast. Should the butchery be resumed she is lost.

In January of this year *Foreign Affairs* published a similar British appeal sponsored by Gilbert Murray. The text, with the signatures attached, is as follows:

Deeply moved by the manifesto signed by over one hundred French men and women of distinction, and published in *L'Ere Nouvelle*, on July 9, 1925, we undersigned British citizens declare ourselves in cordial agreement with its plea that the Treaty of Versailles should be amended in two points:

1. Article 231 attributes the origin of the war simply to "the aggression of Germany and her Allies." Without at this time expressing any opinion or withdrawing any opinion which we have previously expressed as to the policies of the late Imperial German Government, we regard it as an improper and dangerous precedent that the victors in a war should thus pronounce judgment on the vanquished. Such judgment, if it is to have any legal or moral authority, should be pronounced by an impartial court after careful study of all the evidence.

2. Articles 227 to 230, dealing with offenses against "international morality and the sanctity of treaties" or "violation of the laws and customs of war," provide that any Germans guilty of such crimes shall be tried and punished by courts set up by their enemies, but make no provision either for the creation of an impartial court or for the trial and punishment of criminals who are not German. The injustice of this cannot be disputed.

We regard these articles, which were forcibly imposed upon a defeated nation under the most terrible threats, as having expressed a state of mind in the Allied and Associated Powers which has now largely passed away. We believe that they are manifestly unjust and constitute a grave obstacle to international understanding. Consequently we urge the governments concerned either to amend these articles with no further delay or, if amendment of the treaty prove too long and cumbrous a proceeding, to announce severally their intention to disregard them.

[Signed]

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RAYMOND BEAZLEY, Professor of History, Birmingham University
ARNOLD BENNETT
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RUTLAND BOUGHTON
MARGARET BONDFIELD, National Union of General and Municipal Workers
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A French Protest

THE atrocities committed by the present Bulgarian Government have caused the following appeal to be issued and published in the *Humanité* of March 18:

At the very moment when the new Government speaks of general pacification and boasts of the amnesty which it has just granted to the Bulgarian people, sixty death sentences have been pronounced for political deeds: thirty-one in the trial con-

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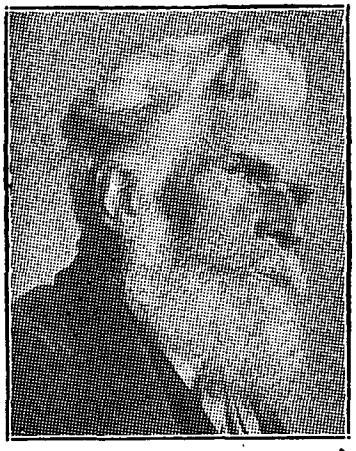

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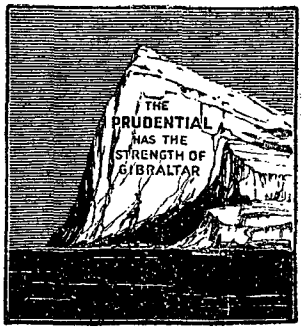

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cerning a conspiratory organization at Sliven, twenty-seven in the trial at Sofia concerning Agrarian and Communist representatives in foreign parts, one at Hasovo, and one at Pachmakli. Sixty new death sentences! Such is the debut of the Government of M. Liaptcheff, which, some persons hoped, would wish to remove the pools of blood spilled by the Ministry of Tsankoff.

All those who protested against that Ministry and who helped to deliver from it Bulgaria and Europe must now continue their protests against the Cabinet of Liaptcheff, which pursues the same policy. The Committee for the Defense of the Victims of the white terror now again raises its voice. It has begged for a general amnesty. It begs for it again as the sole means of assuring the material and moral recovery of unhappy Bulgaria.

Today, thinking of the sixty men condemned to death—who are not all contumacious and of whom at least two have had their execution authorized by the king—it addresses itself in particular to the Bulgarian sovereign, asking him to weigh his responsibilities. King Boris III at the end of the Tsankoff Ministry commuted many death sentences to sentences of hard labor or imprisonment. He seemed to have finally decided that 20,000 Bulgars sacrificed to the politics of the abettors of the coup d'etat of 1923 was enough. But now again death sentences rain—dozens of them. Here the responsibility of the king is direct. No Bulgar can be executed without royal authorization. All that are to be hanged—and, we repeat, the decision is already taken in regard to two unfortunates—will die through the royal will.

The undersigned, who have united to battle against the crimes of the white terror, declare to the King of the Bulgars, as well as to M. Liaptcheff, that their protests will keep pace with repression. They remind them likewise that three French nationals—M. and Mme Leger and Mme Nicolova—are detained contrary to all right in the prison of Sofia, where they have been for a long time exposed to horrible acts of violence. The son of Mme Nicolova, Georges Mallet, has just been amnestied. Why has amnesty been refused to his unhappy mother, to M. and Mme Leger? The committee, which has already issued several appeals in their behalf, demands their liberation with greater insistence than ever.

[Signed]

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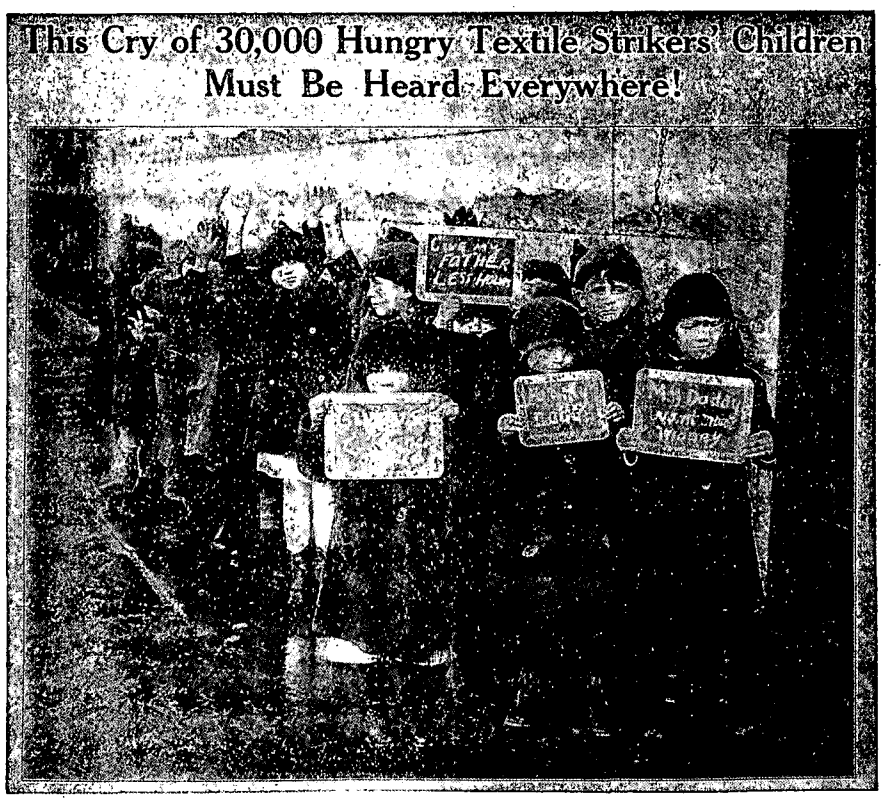
by Senator George W. Norris



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